Saturday Review

of LIT. E

VOL. XXXII No. 34 AUGUST 20, TWENTY CENTS

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Mika Waltari, author of "The Egyptian." *(See page 9)*

Old-World Views on New-World '

By ROBERT PICK

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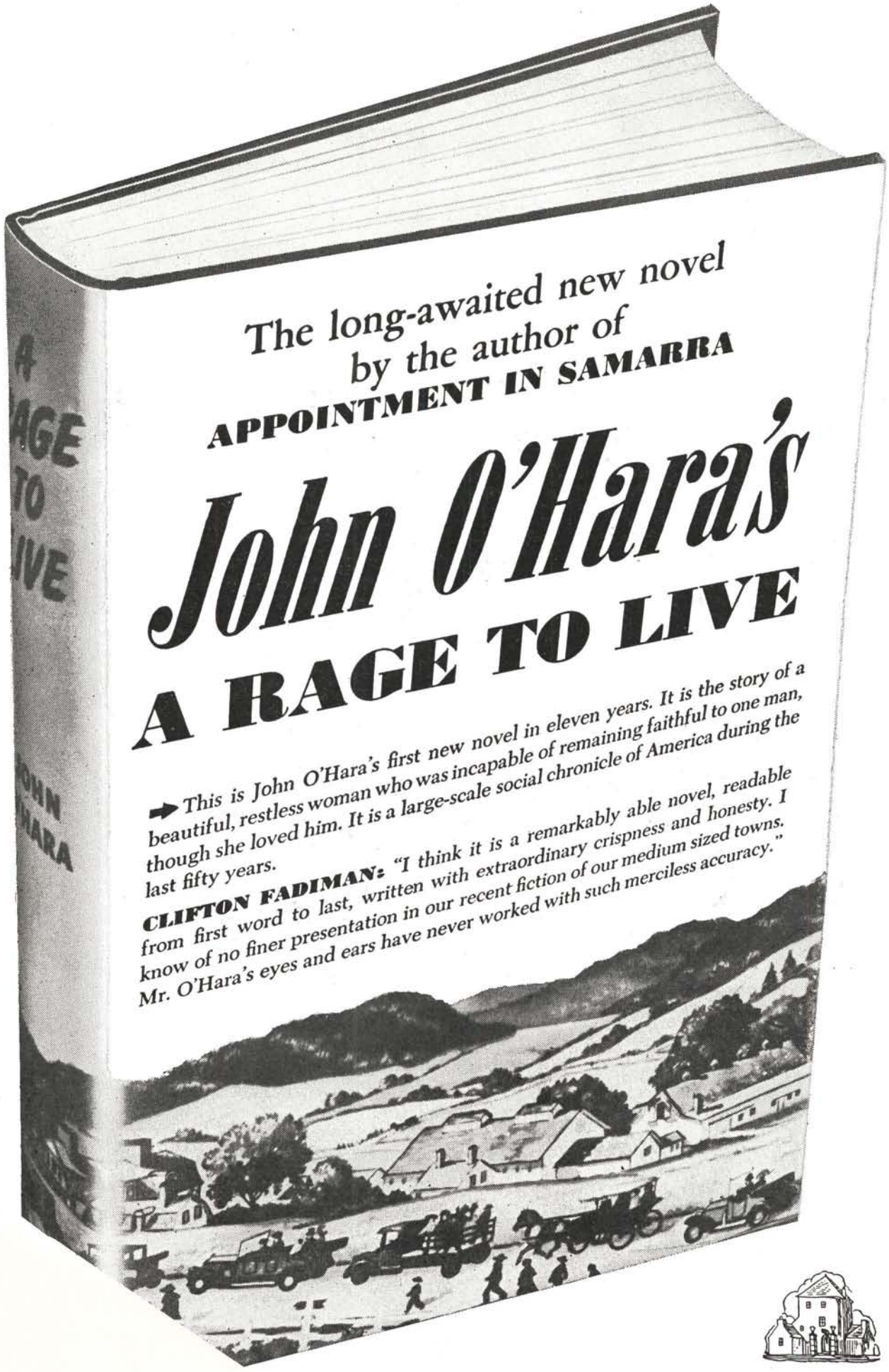

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

JIM MARSHALL, author of "Santa Fe," and recently retired from the staff of *Collier's*, sounds a dolorous note from once-sunny California:

> Things are bad out here and getting worse. Labor won't reduce its prices and people won't pay the prices labor demands. Something has to give—but now it takes longer, due to unemployment payments. But it's just as inevitable in the long run.
>
> Just how long people are going to pay current prices for books I don't know. I realize books can't sell for less under present conditions. The publisher is caught between high costs and reluctance on the part of his customers to pay for these costs. It's the same in a lot of industries.
>
> The Gold Rush Centennial seems to be a flop; books about the Rush aren't selling and the tourist crop is off; railroads are advertising for customers and not getting them. Another case where the cost is too high and no chance to bring it down.
>
> It's swell, though, being retired. Try it sometime. People ask you what you do and you say, "I'm retired." They go off thinking you're a big capitalist. . . .

BECAUSE FRANK SULLIVAN is one of TRADE WINDS's favorite characters, it is a pleasure to include herewith the printable paragraphs from one of his characteristic communiques:

> Caro Benedetto:
>
> I imagine that in the crass circle of New York publishers you see mighty few of your associates would be able to address you in the purest Italian, but that, of course, is nothing for me, a Little, Brown author. The purpose of these words is to state that I have had great pleasure and No Little Mirth in reading "Shake Well Before Using." I was delighted to be in "Shake," was delighted with Carl's caricature of me and of everybody else, and was pleased as Punch to be called a top-notch humorist (for the first time). I had forgotten I ever called my kidneys Moriarty's Annex. I wish I had said that, Oscar. By the way, I thought you were rather stern with poor Oscar. I attribute this puritanism on your part to your reaction from those documentary films for Elks that we once saw together. I read a biography of Oscar by, I think, Hesketh Pearson and I was impressed by a story in it about the time, on the famous American tour, when Oscar visited a mining town in Nevada and the miners thought they would have some sport getting this British lily drunk—but seven or eight hours later it was the miners not Oscar who were under the table. And we must never forget it was Oscar who said, "He must indeed be a hard-hearted man who can read the death of Little Nell without laughing."
>
> You will be interested to learn that the doctors say my kidneys no longer resemble Moriarty's. They look more like the interior of one of those clip joints in the West 56th Street region, draped with purple and heliotrope, and illuminated by red and green lights. . . .

BLENDA LARSSON submits this gem from Columbia:

> In the days when Shakespearean scholar Henry Simon, brother to the publishing Simon, was married to Margaret Halsey ("With Malice Toward Some") and instructing at Columbia's Teachers College, one of his students was a physical education major who was making up a deficiency in English. The good professor requested a term paper comparing "The Spanish Tragedy," by Thomas Kyd, with "Hamlet." The young athlete took time out from his sessions on the soccer field to write the following introduction to a thin discourse:
>
> This be no English major, who, glutted with noble literature and Elizabethan enthusiasm, moves on to write of Hamlet and Hieronimo in scholarly theme. By my fay, I cannot reason thus! I do confess I feel myself distracted. The hour lacks of twelve. My thoughts are in a marvelous distemper and my wit's diseased. If ghost there be, angel or devil, let him come forth, armed with quill and foolscap, and succor me in my extremity.
>
> 'Tis given out that other athletes, o'ertaken with a like necessity, change off their wealth for sulphurous poetry, conceived in purgatory, but pithy withal. Wealth I have none, oh liege! Nay, naught but a vulgar mind, which, in ages past, nurtured itself on high-school English courses, and was sore obsessed by the mouthed pratings of giggling virgins from Wellesley. Thus the line "Then came each actor on his ass" calls up yet another portrait than the bard intended. This rude piece—tender is't, mayhap not legal, but as the green offshoot of a lilac button—and tender be the heart that grants it passage!

Simon's written comment: "I could have wished for more matter with less art.". . .

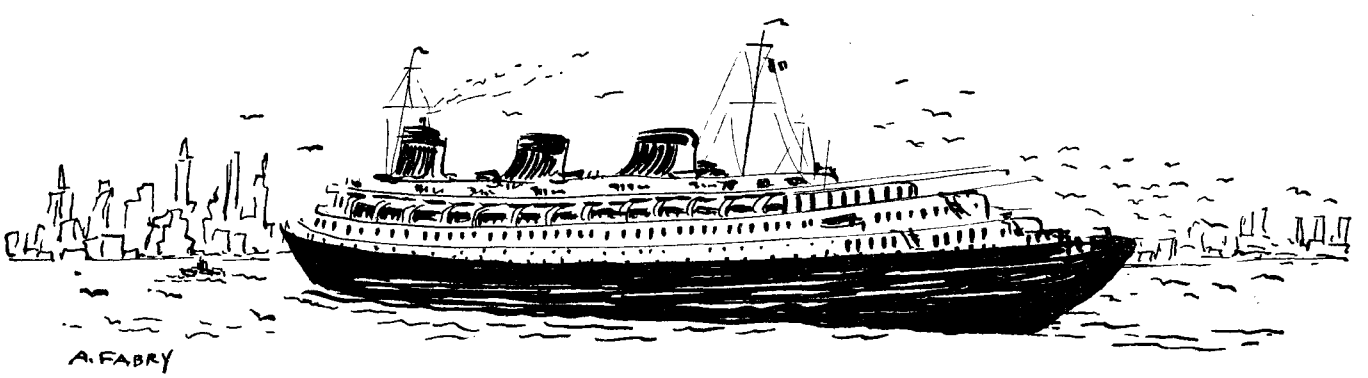
SOME TIME AGO I printed in TRADE WINDS a list of bargain book titles by Donald Lindsay. Ernestine and John Carter, in London, send additional suggestions:

Little Caesar and Cleopatra
Lolly Wind in the Willows
The Egg and Eyeless in Gaza
Intruder in the Handful of Dust
Finnegans Wake Up and Dream
Those Barren Leaves of Grass
War and Peace of Mind
The Turn of the Screwtape Letters

Belle Rosenbaum, Bethel, Connecticut's gift to *Herald Tribune Book Review* took time out (during business hours) to compile the following:

> Northwest Passage to India; Good Night Sweet Prince of Foxes; Joseph and His Brothers Karamazov; All the King's Men of Good Will; The Canterbury Tales of the South Pacific; Point of No Return of the Native.

Walter Wilder, meanwhile, was inspired to combine authors with authors, and authors with inanimate



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objects, all in the interest of paper conservation and good clean fun:

> Alexander Woollcott Gibbs; Winston Churchill Downs (with this you get a lottery ticket); Upton Sinclair Lewis Gannett; Billy Rose Wilder Lane Bryant (with this you get a maternity gown to wear while reading a book of poetry during intermissions at the Diamond Horseshoe); Eggs Benedict Arnold Bennett Cerf (this I wouldn't attempt to figure out, but possibly you can).

Everett Freeman combines the best features of Carter, Rosenbaum, and Wilder with:

> "The Magnificent Forever Ambersons," by Upton Sinclair Lewis Mumford; "A Streetcar Named Desire Under the Elms," by Bruno Walter Scott Fitzgerald; "Gone with the High Wind in Jamaica," by Booker Washington Irving Stone; "Men Without Little Women," by George Meredith Wilson Mizner; or "How Green Was My Valley of Decision," by Joseph Cotton Mather Machree.

That will be enough of that for a while!. . .

SOME DAYS AFTER I made a speech in Grand Rapids, Michigan, Miss Antoinette Le Donne, of that city, sent me a note containing one paragraph fellow lecturers might bear in mind:

> Sometimes I think that the people who come to a town such as ours and speak before the ladies' clubs would be surprised and just a little aghast if they really knew the backgrounds of some of their seemingly stodgy listeners. What would you have said the other afternoon, for instance, had you known that the dignified lady in the front row who asked you about the menace of comic books was once the shining star of the Folies Bergère in Paris (without that mink coat, of course)? The lady next to her, with the ermine scarf, is an archeologist who has worked, lived, and suffered in some of the most remote corners of the world. Behind them sat two maiden ladies who have contributed millions anonymously to charity, a lady poetess of some seventy years who still plays a mean game of faro, and another who was the young sweetheart of that tragic figure of the prize ring Stanley Ketchel. Yes, they may come in their mink jackets and look very commonplace and proper—but I judge all of them could tell stories that would make even your own collection seem mighty tame. . . .

PHYLLIS BALLON, of Portland, Oregon, says the lady I told you about who spurned "Cutlass Empire" because she didn't like Henry Morgan on the radio had nothing on a customer of her rental library back in 1943. Walter Duranty's "Search for a Key" had just come in, but the lady would have none of it. "On every page," she said, "I'd be thinking of that big schnozzola of his. Ugh!". . . Julius Long, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, drove his secretary Susie to a tennis match at the Coliseum in Columbus. En route, Susie remarked, "I hope our seats aren't too far down front. It's too cold there." The puzzled Mr. Long asked, "Why do you think it's colder down front, Susie?" She explained, "I'm sure I don't know, but it certainly was at the ice carnival in December." . . . Nelson Bond's neighbors have a kid addicted to swearing. Striving to purge his vocabulary, the neighbors promised the boy his heart's desire, a rabbit, if he would promise to reform. The deal was made, the boy stopped cussing, and became the owner of a fine bunny. When company came to the house one day he ran to the hutch to fetch his prize for exhibition. Just as he brought it triumphantly into the living room, it delivered itself of a litter of tiny rabbits. The boy took one startled look and gasped, "Cripes! the damn thing is falling apart!". . .

Contributors, I love you!

—BENNETT CERF.

In the Deep Night

By Robert Nathan

THIS is the hour at the throat of dawn
When spirits cower, and in all the deep
Caverns and caves of desolation yawn
To snatch the timid passenger of sleep.
This is the hour at the heel of night
When childhood's worry, like a mousy thief,
Strips from the day its tegument of light,
And from the willow of the soul its leaf.
This is the hour of the tolling bell,
When the exhausted blood no longer burns,
And the clear beauty that we loved so well
Returns no more, Oh never more returns.
While in the secret night around us, hark!
The sound of time retreating in the dark.

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Daisy

By DOROTHY *and* NILS HOGNER

Daisy was a colt. Her mother and father were strong farm horses. But Daisy wanted to be a dainty, high-stepping pony, and although she kept growing bigger and heavier, she still persisted in this idea. After being exhibited at a county fair as a prize work-horse, Daisy finally reconciled herself to the life of a useful farm animal. Nils Hogner has made many handsome pictures of Daisy in all the phases of her career. This is a fine companion to the Hogners' popular *Reward for Brownie*.

32 pages Ages 6 to 8 $1.50

The Adventures of Tittletom

By ELLIS CREDLE

Tittletom was five years old and lived down South sometime during the last century. He was the youngest and only boy in a large family, and all his sisters loved and spoiled him. Small boys and girls of his age will be enchanted with Tittletom's adventures, for they involve a goat, a skunk, a fishing trip, and an adventure in town. Ellis Credle has drawn from her own family background in writing these adventures. She gives to her story and illustrations authenticity as well as humor.

80 pages Ages 4 to 6 $1.75

Lucky Mischief

By MEBANE HOLOMAN BURGWYN
Pictures by GERTRUDE HOWE

This is a story of the rivalry between two boys—Bailey, a newcomer to Occoneechee Neck, and Allen, the acknowledged leader there. It tells of the surprising source of a calf for Allen to enter in the 4H contest against Bailey's entry, and of Bailey's connection with a convict. These are the dramatic parts of an exciting story. Readers who loved Mrs. Burgwyn's *River Treasure* will find this book characterized by the same sympathetic treatment of young boys.

200 pages Ages 8 to 10 $2.50

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urs is an age of doubt — an age of national introspection and reassessment. In the comparative tranquillity of V. J. plus four years, we are measuring the needs and purposes of the violence through which we have passed and the even greater violence which we necessarily inflicted. In this period "peace" has been a conspicuous word in the titles of our best sellers. We have read *Peace of Mind* and *Peace of Soul* in our search for peace in the heart. With something that was at times almost resignation we have relived our hell in *The Naked and the Dead,* and *The Young Lions,* and have ransacked the thinking mind of democratic action in *Roosevelt and Hopkins* and *The Great Crusade.* In spite of wise council, most of us have just kept on worrying and gone on living.

In this new wasteland of failing hope and faltering aspiration, perhaps none has meant more to Americans than LLOYD DOUGLAS. Since its publication, now some ten months ago, his book has been a leader among those that sought with us to stay the advance of chaos in the heart. His novel, rich in the history and incident of another time of doubt, gives us a measure of our trial. It seeks no answer to questions which must be answered by each man for himself with a million different answers, but it does once more reveal the only source from which courage to know these answers must spring. Its title:

The Big Fisherman

Houghton Mifflin Company

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Old-World Views on New-World Writing

ROBERT PICK

A New York quarterly, after polling its subscribers, recently published a list of the ten American authors posterity was most likely to regard as classics. The book editor of a Vienna paper which reprinted that roster admitted that four of the names were unknown to him. Perhaps other European literati are better informed. But most of them would no doubt be startled by the absence of certain names from that honor roll. Dos Passos, one of the most influential of all living American novelists, is not on it. Nor, for that matter, is William Faulkner, in André Gide's opinion "one of the most important, perhaps *the* most important [of contemporary American writers]" or, as the Italian critic Emilio Cecchi puts it squarely, "*il maggior scrittore dell'America d'oggi.*"

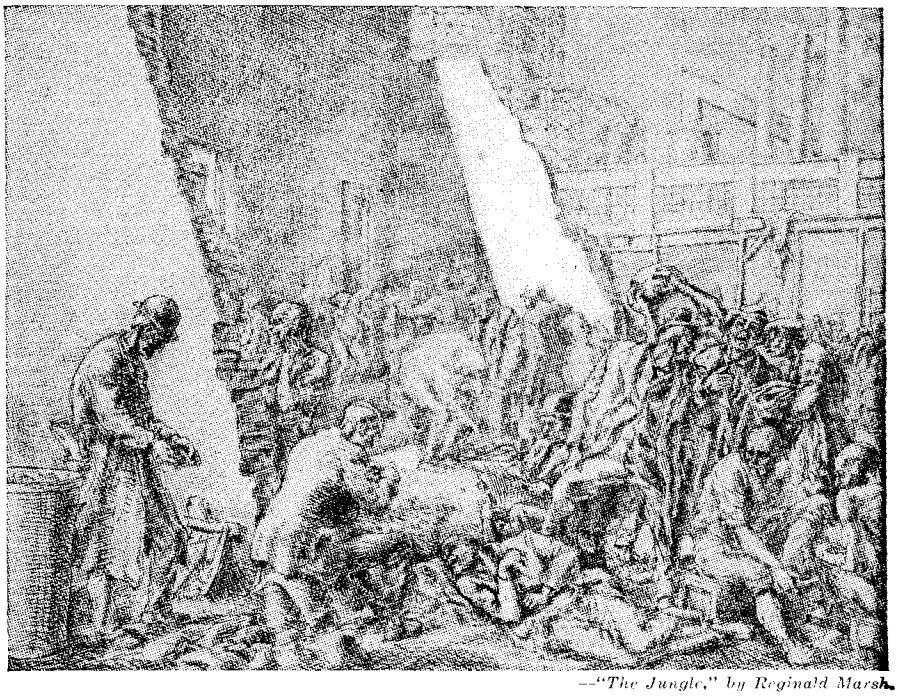
It is nearly impossible to talk to a cultured Frenchman about contemporary letters without being asked why Faulkner is denied in his country the supreme place he deserves. Pronounced in a lower key, the name of Erskine Caldwell might appear next—possibly followed by questions as to why Americans keep looking at Dashiell Hammett as a master of the *roman policier* only, or at Henry Miller as a writer of pornography.

There is, as a rule, a measure of satisfaction in the feeling of greater omniscience with which the foreign interlocutor flatters himself. Americans, he will imply, are notoriously tardy in recognizing literary genius in their midst. He will talk about the posthumous discovery in Paris of Poe's true greatness, or about Whitman's experiences at the hands of his early critics, or about the neglect that was Melville's lot. If you discuss American literature with a German, you may expect him to bring up a chance remark of Thomas Wolfe's that it was the German public which recognized his work first. That America's expatriate writers are referred to liberally in such arguments goes without saying.

Of course every European nation could draw its own list of great artists it misjudged, neglected, or even persecuted. Neither is it an unheard-of instance that a foreign public should hail as representative those authors whose domestic position is still embattled. What makes that situation, so far as present-day American letters are concerned, so bewildering is the fact that, with the exception of Thornton Wilder, all living American novelists who enjoy a great literary reputation abroad are at the same time those whose work deals, as the phrase has it, with the uglier aspects of American life.

It has been suggested that a portrait of wealthy yet not perfect America might please impoverished Europe. But surely the foreign success of modern American novels rests as little upon such all-too-human feelings as the popularity of Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History" depended on what, in its social satire, may have tickled the *amour-propre* of British readers. Actually, American social fiction engrossed the Continental public long before it had as much reason as it has today for envying the United States its wealth and its geographical isolation.

FORTY or fifty years ago the proletarian novel was the only genre of American writing to reach the Continent in considerable numbers. It is well known that Socialist sympathies contributed to the enormous acclaim gained by Jack London, Dreiser, and Upton Sinclair. But it was not only Marxian circles which, sometimes overrating the rigidity of the American's *Weltanschauung*, so readily responded to American realism. Its



—"The Jungle," by Reginald Marsh

Europeans have an "alleged predilection for ugly scenes of American life."

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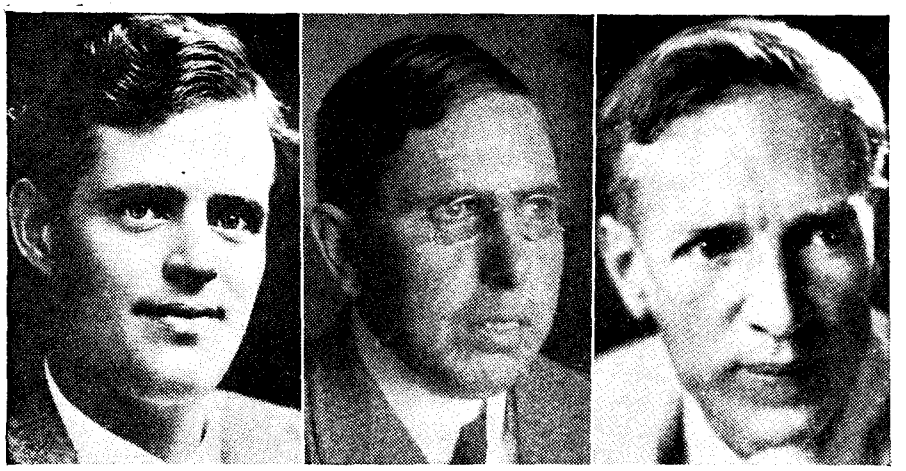

—Brown Bros. —Brown Bros.

"Socialist sympathies contributed to acclaim [for] Jack London, Dreiser, Upton Sinclair."

instantaneous and far wider success can be accounted for only by its novelty. European social-protest fiction after Zola had few great representatives outside of Russia and Scandinavia—and still fewer who were not shackled by party doctrine. What fascinated the foreign audience in America's realists was their obvious preoccupation with experience, their striking familiarity with ordinary men's lives. Even today Continental observers marvel at the varied careers of American authors and the gamut of their experience, so different from the predominantly intellectual, urban, and bourgeois background of their European confrères. Here, then, was not merely a new type of writing. Here was a new type of writer.

That new writing had unfavorable critics, too, as had the civilization which had given birth to it. One has only to think of Duhamel or Huizinga. The fact that many American novelists had at some time or another worked as reporters was held against their esthetic standards, their style, and their technique. J. V. Jensen, the Danish novelist and Nobel Prize-winner-to-be, once said with a condescending overtone that "everyone in America [had] a story to tell." Axel Eggebrecht, the author of a recent German survey of world literature, still talks of the "over-active prose" of American realism, and of the "wild whirl of dialogue" encumbering "America's most original literary form," the short story.

Proceeding to the output of the 1930's, however, he drops such reservations, and refers to a "whole generation of new prose writers whose power and wealth all but overwhelmed [the Continental public]." In fact, it was the 1930's which made secure the position of contemporary American literature in Europe. Paradoxically, the writers of the Depression and the "lost generation" had an invigorating influence on the European mind.

Today critics have realized that American twentieth-century writing evolved its own esthetic standards and its own art. Here is what Mlle. Claude Magny, in a study characteristically entitled *"L'age du roman américain,"* has to say:

> Without our noticing it, our collective sensibility has been profoundly modified by the cinema. We no longer perceive [things] in the same manner as we did fifty years ago. We have grown accustomed to seeing stories enacted to us instead of having them narrated . . .
>
> Nearly all these novelists . . . from Hemingway to Caldwell seem to have adopted unconsciously a behaviorist attitude. They do not present us the feelings or thoughts of their characters, but offer an objective description of their actions, a stenographic protocol of their talk, in short, the minutes of their "conduct" in the face of a given situation . . .
>
> It is certain that one of the things we love so much about American novels is their extreme modernity. They derive it not merely from their subject matter, but also from the rhythm it is treated in. Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis please us not only because they show us the picture of a more modern world . . . They please us because they offer us the spectacle—perhaps unique these days—of a literature whose technique is consubstantial to its subject matter.

The choice of subject matter, now, on the part of America's best creative writers puzzles Europeans about as much as the latter's alleged predilection for ugly scenes of American life seems to irritate Americans. André Maurois recalls Proust's word about "those spiteful authors who love to make their readers suffer," and trying to rationalize that *"méchanceté,"* advances these hypotheses:

> (a) America goes through a crisis of romanticism. The monotony of big-city life and the boredom of an over-regulated existence create a desire for escapism, which is the essence of romanticism;
>
> (b) [the American reader] looks for "thrill" . . . Hence the taste for brutality. Hence the violent sensuality of a Caldwell, or the cruelty of a Steinbeck;
>
> (c) American intellectuals are anti-social because their own social position is not solid . . .

Time and again the "reaction to Puritanism" has been cited in attempts to reconcile, as Gide says, the "depth of abject suffering and blindness depicted by recent writers" with the "simple but resolute and instinctive optimism of Whitman and Emerson and Melville."

IN ONE respect American belles-lettres have from their beginnings enjoyed a well-nigh unrivaled position abroad. A Frenchman reading an Italian novel does not primarily look into it for a picture of Italian society. Neither does a German give too much thought to what may be peculiarly French in the protagonists of a French story he reads. Even the sociological information conveyed by British fiction provides only a secondary attrac-

—Pix photo by Eric Schall.

Faulkner, Steinbeck, Saroyan fully conveyed the importance of "the new regional art."

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tion for Continentals. European nations know one another too well for that kind of curiosity, or at least believe they do. Confronted by an American book, the European reader never loses sight of the question as to *what America is.*

Yet the dismal pictures proffered by so many American stories exert upon the foreign mind an effect different from the reaction they call forth in domestic readers. The Norwegian historian Haldvan Koht points out that, for all the impression "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made on Europeans, they "did not imagine Southerners to be more cruel than other people."

> They were not primarily interested in ["Uncle Tom's Cabin"] as an attack against slavery. They could not be, simply because the problem of slavery or the colored problem did not exist in their countries. Therefore the book maintained its appeal long after slavery was abolished. It continued to be the most moving sentimental novel about suffering . . .

Faulkner's "Sanctuary" is to the American reader first of all a horrible story about regional degeneracy and lynching. Both are mentioned merely incidentally in André Malraux's preface to the French edition of that novel, in which, as he says, "the Greek tragedy has entered the realm of the crime story."

> Faulkner [Mlle. Magny concludes her book] is the only modern novelist who has lived in all its magnitude the literary drama of the age: the reconstruction of a Church . . . His work has laid down the prerequisites of Salvation . . .

America's so-called literature of protest has, to the minds of European critics, come a long way indeed since Tolstoy, in an outburst of patronizing humanitarian enthusiasm, brushed aside literary values to place Mrs. Stowe above Shakespeare and Goethe.

In the same hundred years America has lost but little of her fame as a land of adventure to Europeans; that concept has hardly been dented by current ideas about the "uniformity" of the United States. A childhood memory of J. Fenimore Cooper's world lingers in every Continental. The semi-nomadic habits, the vagabondage, and the alcoholism with which America's neo-picaresque stories abound foster that notion, or at least do not contradict it. The milieu of the settled and/or propertied classes of this country, as presented in the more conventional American novel of manners, holds out no similar fascination. On the one hand, that milieu is not exotic enough to force acceptance at its face value. On the other, its characters, while out-

(*Continued on page 35*)

Fiction. *At least five of the nine new novels reviewed here are likely to be on the tips of most tongues whenever fiction is being discussed this fall. Merle Miller, alone among the established authors, has written in "The Sure Thing" a book that should enhance his reputation. John O'Hara's "A Rage to Live" seems destined to disappoint his large and devoted following. "The Question of Gregory" is standard if not outstanding Elizabeth Janeway, while Mary McCarthy, long a fixture in the avant-garde literary world, presents those circles with an intriguing guessing-game in "The Oasis." As it happens, Mika Waltari, a Finnish writer hitherto unknown in the United States, provides the real event of this week and many weeks to come. His "The Egyptian," an engrossing re-creation of Egypt thirteen centuries before Christ, in Edmund Fuller's estimation deserves comparison with Mann's great historical novels.*

Akhnaton the Heretic

THE EGYPTIAN. By Mika Waltari. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 503 pp. $3.75.

By Edmund Fuller

A LITTLE more than 1,300 years before Christ there came to the throne of Egypt's land a Pharoah bearing the name of Amenhotep IV. In Egyptian annals he was to become known as the "heretic king," "the criminal." Assuming the name Akhnaton, he promulgated in place of the dark idol Ammon the worship of "The Lord of the Aton," a father god to all creation, of whom Pharoah was the son; a god of love, brotherhood, and peace. Some call this the earliest monotheism.

Yet every move and policy of this saintly king turned water to blood and led to strife, terror, and devastation. He took possession of Egypt at one of its imperial heights and with the accession of a pacifist Pharoah the enemies that every empire has at its borders rose up. Egypt was nearly destroyed from within and without and desolation lay upon the land. Of this extraordinary man the Egyptologist Breasted says: "There died with him such a spirit as the world had never seen before." And Toynbee says of him: "By sheer genius Akhnaton created a new conception of God and man, life and nature, and expressed it in a new art and poetry."

With this rich material Mika Waltari, a Finnish novelist new to this country, walks brashly in upon the preserves of the Herr Doktor Mann with a colorful, provocative, completely absorbing narrative. As the vehicle of his story he creates "the Egyptian," Sinuhe, who as narrator we follow from youth to old age. After the manner of Moses, in a later time, this Sinuhe was found drifting upon the Nile in a reed boat, and, also like Moses, there is the possibility that the blood of Pharoahs flows in him. The child is raised in the home of Senmut, physician to the poor of Thebes. He becomes a physician himself, rising, after many vagaries and wanderings, to be skull-opener to Pharoah. By the free movements of Sinuhe, Mr. Waltari is able to conduct us through the extraordinary reign of Akhnaton both within the court and among the common people, and also among the subject peoples or hostile neighbors of Egypt: the Syrians, Babylonians, Hittites, and Cretans. Hence most of the then known world is encompassed in this fascinating, swift, and never-flagging tale.

An extensive portrait gallery is created through the eyes of Sinuhe the physician. There is Akhnaton himself, whom Waltari makes an epileptic; Mann, a cataleptic. His queen,

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Nefertiti, we know through the beautiful, painted portrait bust which is one of the prizes of surviving Egyptian art. The Rabelaisian braggart Aziru, King of the Amorites, pants after fair, fat women and displays the author's talent for the gusty horse laugh. Burnaburiash, boy king of Babylon, is spoiled, cruel, and charming. Horemheb rises with Sinuhe to eminence, knows frustration as commander of the armies of Egypt under a king who proclaims that there shall be no more war in the world, and becomes Pharoah himself, in a latter day, to send his old friend into perpetual exile. Kaptah, the classic loyal rogue and slave, steals diligently from his master, Sinuhe, to the fantastic enrichment of both. The book teems with people, almost all well done save for a few such overdrawn specimens as Nefernefernefer, *la belle dame sans merci.*

It is inevitable that a review of "The Egyptian" should be done with a backward look at "Joseph and His Brothers." For Mann has made Akhnaton the Pharoah of Joseph, a liberty greater than any of the several deviations from historical opinion that Waltari has made. While Egyptology is not an exact science, most sources would set Joseph several hundred years back.

Do not mistake this for an attempt to impugn that massive and magnificent re-creation of the Joseph legend. It is easy to see the temptation to juxtapose Joseph with Akhnaton, to mix these minds and personalities. The point is, it does no harm to the Joseph story, even enhances it, but it eliminates all the meat of the Akhnaton drama, for this cannot well coexist, in its actuality, with Joseph's career. We read Mann without suspecting the implications and impact of this Pharoah's reign, for we see it chiefly in the interplay of ideas between two men. The wisdom of Joseph imparts a false tranquility to what was an era of civil war and revolution and it creates the impression that this turbulent seventeen-year reign, which ended in death and collapse, stretched peaceably out over vague generations.

Again, Mann's great work is a study of ideas and of personality. The Egypt emergent from his formidable style is shown within a limited social range and is detailed only in isolated scenes. If there are deeps of the personality that Mann plumbs further, Waltari makes an exciting, vivid, and minute re-creation of the society of Thebes and of Egypt and the related world in general, ranging from Pharoah and his neighbor kings to the outcast corpse-washers in the House of the Dead. We see, feel, smell, and taste Waltari's Egypt. He writes in a pungent, easy style and it is obvious that he has been wonderfully served by his translator, Naomi Walford.

The powerful priesthood of the old, harsh god Ammon resists Akhnaton inflexibly and triumphantly. The massacres resulting from their resistance to the god of love cause Pharoah to depart from Thebes and found the short-lived capital of Akhetaton. When he is succeeded briefly by his nincompoop son-in-law, King Tut, the priesthood forces a change of the new Pharoah's name from Tutankaton (Living Image of Aton) to the familiar Tutankamon (Living Image of Ammon).

The aging Sinuhe, amiable and moderate, of good will but often weak, strong at times in what he knows to be bad causes, has seen that a new revelation to the spirit of man cannot be passed down from a ruler above to permeate a people living in the traditions of wordly power. The pure motive and noble purpose become corrupted the moment they pass from Pharoah to be carried out by the men of varied interests. Nothing comes out as it was designed. Sinuhe sees this, yet runs with the triumphant wolf-pack as long as he has the energy to run at all. He considers Pharoah mad, but nevertheless, "I loved him, for all his madness, and perhaps I loved him the more because of it, for his madness was more beautiful than the wisdom of other men."

Breasted wrote: "The modern world has yet adequately to value or even acquaint himself with this man, who in an age so remote and under conditions so adverse became the world's first idealist and the world's first *individual.*" Toward this end Waltari contributes greatly with a splendid novel.

THE AUTHOR: Though new to most readers in this country, the name of Mika Waltari is well established in European literary circles. His several books have already achieved a sale of well over one million copies on the Continent. The young Finnish author was originally destined to follow in the footsteps of his clergyman father, and duly began a course in theology at Helsinki University. But in the midst of his studies he switched to philosophy. Upon earning his degree, Waltari skipped off to Paris, where he lived from 1927 to 1930, leading a Bohemian existence and becoming a fiery literary radical. There he wrote his first novel, "The Grand Illusion," which immediately made the author famous throughout Scandinavia. Further European travel and further novels ensued, the latter concerned principally with youth and sex. By the mid-Thirties Waltari was anxious to settle down. He married, became editor of Finland's largest weekly magazine, and turned his attention to the history of his native land. The result was "From Father to Son," a three-volume novel considered to be his first work of great stature. In the following years he produced many novels, plays, and poems, in addition to working in the State Information Bureau during the war, but all the while Waltari was collecting information for "The Egyptian." That his researches were to the point has been demonstrated by authentications the book has received from several well-known Egyptologists. First published in Finland in 1945, "The Egyptian" soon appeared in Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, French, and German translations, and is still a best seller of considerable proportions in Europe. The American edition, it should be noted, has been cut by about one-third. Today in his early forties, Mika Waltari stays close to his home in Finland, a busy writer and happy family man. Another historical novel, this one about sixteenth-century Europe, has just been issued by his Finnish publisher.

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Therapy by Love & Work

THE QUESTION OF GREGORY. By Elizabeth Janeway. New York: Doubleday & Co. 320 pp. $3.

By Howard Mumford Jones

THIS is a competently constructed novel dealing with the theme of personal disaster psychologically interpreted, the problem this time arising in Washington at the end of the war. The only son of John Gregory, a devoted New Dealer, is killed in action. The shock of this disaster, together with the absorption of Gregory in public affairs, first alienates his wife and then, when, temporarily unbalanced by her reproaches, he wanders off, finally drives her mad. Most of the book concerns his healing by time, by contact with human beings, by humble employment and by love.

Three characters are central—John Gregory, Ellen, his wife, and Rose, his secretary. Gregory is from the Middlewest, Ellen is the daughter of an established New England family, and Rose is an Irish Catholic. The warmth and vitality of Rose attract Gregory and are a part of the healing process to which he is subjected; but one is rather puzzled to know what to make of the Middlewest-New England situation in the marriage. Here there seem to be some loose ends in plotting, inasmuch as we are once or twice led to believe that part of the marital tension arises from a conflict of cultures. But Ellen is not sufficiently New England, nor is Gregory sufficiently an Ohioan to make a deep imprint on the consciousness of the reader, who is content with the fact that Gregory married into a wealthy family to which he felt antagonistic. So, likewise, the conflict of Celt and Saxon in the Rose-Gregory relationship is too dim and undetermined to be of major import.

The central theme is, then, responsibility. A father refuses to use his influence to keep his only son out of the war; and when the boy is killed the wife conceives that her husband is, in effect, the murderer of his son. Here is a variant of the theme of guilt, which fascinates the contemporary novelist. But the reason, it seems to me, why many recent novels built on this theme are unsatisfactory is the ambiguity of the idea of "guilt." Guilt is not now interpreted as a violation of the moral law, but as a weakness of personality, so that we have got ourselves into the hilarious absurdity of feeling guilty about feeling guilty. The fact that a high-strung wife charges her husband with the guilt of murder and later, through brooding over the loss of her son, goes insane is a problem of psychology and only in a remote sense a problem of ethics. The fact that the husband, stung by the reproaches of his wife and discovering that she hates his whole career as a public administrator, goes wandering over the United States is, again, a problem in the "neurotic personality of our time," not a problem of morals. The consequence appears to be that while as narrative "The Question of Gregory" is eminently readable, its theme is one of pathos and not one of tragedy.

There are admirable episodes, one being set in White River Junction, where the wandering Gregory pauses to work in a factory and to come into contact with New England operatives, Cap Richards in particular being three-dimensional and human. The style is everywhere lucid. The book begins with the arrival of the telegram announcing the boy's death, and the past is thereafter presented in flashbacks or as part of somebody's psychological continuum. The economy of the narrative is workmanlike except, as I say, for some hares that are started and not run down. But the author seems to me never to overcome the fundamental ambiguity of the theme. Seen on the plane of commonsense the question of Gregory is the question of Gregory's recovery from a nervous breakdown and of the failure of his wife to recover. Seen on the plane of imaginative interpretation, the book records the random hurts human beings do each other—like effects in a cloud chamber—but it is not the hurts, it is not the healing, it is the presence or absence of the moral law that differentiates tragic fiction from the merely pathetic. "The Question of Gregory" remains a study in the psychology of pathos.

—*Doris Reynolds*

Elizabeth Janeway—"we have got into . . . feeling about feeling guilty."

Skittish Thoroughbred

A RAGE TO LIVE. By John O'Hara. New York: Random House. 590 pp. $3.75.

By Lee Rogow

SINCE 1934, when "Appointment in Samarra" was published, John O'Hara has been recognized as one of the most mature and skilful writers in the business. His work is marked by a craftsman's way with the language, a divining-rod accuracy for the hidden springs of behavior, and, above all, a pervading sense of the needs and frustrations of his generation. All these gifts have gone into the making of his new book, "A Rage to Live," but they do not prevent it from being a dull and disappointing novel.

Like many a man before him, O'Hara has been brought low by a loose lady. She is Grace Caldwell Tate, handsome daughter of the leading family of Fort Penn, Pennsylvania, and (to adapt a locution of Winston Churchill's) a cryptonymphomaniac. That is to say, if she is not a nymphomaniac she might as well be one. For some reason, O'Hara's dependable X-ray vision has failed him in the case of this woman. His inability to see clearly what she is and why she operates as she does is half the basic flaw of the book. The other half is his attempt to tell her story against a large-canvas chronicle of the social, political, and sexual give-and-take of Fort Penn in the years immediately before and after America's entrance into the First World War. This has made for a sprawling and untidy work, full of trivial incident, superfluous flashbacks, pointless conversations —so different from the well-pruned, highly charged prose which has been O'Hara's trade-mark. His panorama of the middle-sized American city, though frequently rewarding in its insights, is seriously encumbered by the murky story of Grace Caldwell Tate; and the story of Mr. O'Hara's heroine is doubly tenuous and exasperating when played out against the busy canvas of the town and the times.

It is unfortunate that O'Hara has gone wrong in this book, for the major theme of the novel is full of literary possibilities. Basically this is an account of the ebbing vitality and social sway of the descendants of the men who settled the towns and named the streets of central Pennsylvania. It traces the decline of the set of values which pertained to that measured, traditional way of life, and their replacement by the new standards which came with the up-beat of the Twenties. Unfortunately, the career

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of Grace Caldwell Tate seems incidental to all this. There is not in her the sense of union-with-and-dislocation-from the historical process which made Julian English of "Appointment in Samarra" such a compelling character.

When the book begins Grace Caldwell Tate is the social queen of Fort Penn. The Governor himself is honored to be received in her house. Beside her, reigning as a sort of prince consort, is her husband, Sydney Tate, a Yale man who has been imported from New York to preserve the dynasty. Land-rich, good-looking, knowledgeable with horses, considerate of servants, Grace Tate represents the highest product of her generation, but she has little of the stability the outward circumstances of her life suggests. It seems the lady occasionally gets a physical yen of such intensity that if you attached a wire to her she would light up the entire city. She plunges into an affair with a local building contractor, the scandal sours her marriage, and nothing much is the same after that.

When the book ends Grace Tate is leaving Caldwell Farm, driven from Fort Penn by the furor resulting from an abortive affair with a newspaperman. Sydney Tate, the would-be country squire, is dead, embittered by the knowledge that he and his way of life are not enough for his restless wife. Buried with Sydney is the useful, old-fashioned existence he prized. The Twenties are dawning, the Volstead Act is on the books, the Jazz Age is warming up in the wings. We even catch a glimpse of Julian English, twenty years old, picking up momentum like a skyrocket.

It is significant that while this book is largely the story of Grace Tate, she is one of the least memorable human beings in it. I remember especially Mr. Dunkelberger, the fat Governor with the weak bladder, George Walthour, the childless Mayor who wants to have a bridge named after him, a stableman, a prostitute, a head waiter. O'Hara knows all there is to know about the way they feel, eat, scheme, politick, make love. But it is no accident that the featured players steal the show from the star, because something has prevented him from seeing Grace Tate with the same all-discerning eye he has brought to focus on his other people. He has failed to define accurately the mysterious force which drives her into desperate affairs. He appears to see it as some irresistible internal pressure, part male-like sexual tension, part thoroughbred skittishness—the "rage to live" mentioned in the title. O'Hara has many times demonstrated he is smarter about people than that, but if he has some better explanation it does not appear in this book.

I have already indicated I found a great many things wrong with this book. There are also a great many things right with it. O'Hara can never be completely unrewarding; he's just got too much. There is in him great sadness laced with delightful wit. There is the almost supernatural insight of the wounded. There is, above all, an astounding ability to live with the conviction that we are double-doomed and double-damned, doomed and damned from within and from without. Frequently, even in this imperfect novel, these things will flash through and furnish an exciting glimpse of the strength of mind and craft in the man who wrote this book.

Parlor Pinks Playing Utopia

THE OASIS. By Mary McCarthy. New York: Random House. 181 pp. $2.

By Gorham Munson

PART of the fun in reading Mary McCarthy's short novel "The Oasis" comes from guessing the models for some of her characters. Some readers affect to despise this gossipy kind of interest, but what's wrong with it? Sometimes character-creation from living models is inartistic, as it was in Ralph Ingersoll's "The Great Ones" last year, but Miss McCarthy has first of all "screened" her models for their suitability to the medium of fiction (lots of living people lack the peculiar kind of interest that would enable them to pass the "fiction-test") and then she has cut free from their biographies by inventing special circumstances and an amusing story for them to behave in. Will Taub and Macdougal Macdermott are quite satisfying fictive characters, but one gets an added enjoyment when they remind one of a pair of editors in the literary Bohemia of today's New York.

The milieu Miss McCarthy has transplanted to fiction is the one expressed by such magazines as the *Partisan Review* and *politics*, a milieu composed mainly of those intellectuals Arthur Koestler has dubbed "knights in rusty armor." They are the captives of their youthful reading of Marx and Engels and swirl around in the gigantic time-eddy created by the Russian Revolution of 1917. They have grown critical of Stalinism but have never found a lifeline by which to pull themselves beyond the spell of Marx and Engels. Or, as Miss McCarthy puts it in "The Oasis," "the idea that there was a loophole by which others were escaping while they themselves played trustees to the law of cause and effect drove them to a fury that they could hardly rationalize. Thus they were at once the victims and the masters of a doctrine of inevitability."

About this milieu Miss McCarthy has written a comedy. Some advance readers have called it a satire but she seems to me too close to her material, too much identified with it herself, to gain a satiric point of view toward it. Satire is critical, and Miss McCarthy is more amused than critical. She takes a self-sufficient delight in her characters and their dilemmas.

Her comedy is played in a utopian colony established in an abandoned summer resort just as the United States appears to be entering the rapids that rush to the precipice of World War III. Two factions have joined to form this colony: the "purists," who are pacifist libertarians, and the "realists," who are Koestler's "knights in rusty armor" and who expect the colony to fail. The first crisis is over the admission of a Babbitt-type, Joe Lockman, to the colony; the second is a kitchen crisis brought on by a flooded oil stove and a delayed breakfast; the third is induced by a brief fright given Will Taub, leader of the "realists," by the clowning of Joe Lockman with a rifle, and the final crisis arises from trespassing on the colony's property by a farmer's family.

Each crisis produces its own moral quandaries for the colonists, and at the end Katy, a teacher, foresees that "ultimately, Utopia would fail; that was to be expected. But it might survive for many months or for years, if the production of a commodity more tangible than morality could be undertaken. Morality did not keep well; it required stable conditions; it was costly; it was subject to variations, and the market for it was uncertain." The quotation reveals Miss McCarthy's deftness with words, the quickness of her intelligence, and the ease of her comedy. This is a novel for what used to be called in the 1920's "the civilized minority."

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Some Confused People

THE FACE OF LOVE. By Marianne Roane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 268 pp. $3.

By SARA HENDERSON HAY

IN THIS new novel Marianne Roane, whose first book, "The Years Before the Flood," won the Avery Hopwood Award in 1944, analyzes the motives and behavior of a group of people, all more or less confused, unhappy, and baffled by the various aspects of their relationships to one another. There is Dana Fugate, eighteen and curiously immature emotionally, who is forced at last by bitter disillusion to recognize the fact that her love for her father, whom she has admired and worshipped and with whom she felt so intimate a mutual understanding, is nothing but an image which she herself has projected. There is Dan Fugate, her father, wholly self-centered, blindly and childishly ruthless, who is leaving Dana's mother, after some twenty years of what has appeared a conventionally "happy" marriage, for Ghiselle Turo—beautiful, completely amoral, and as shallow as a mirror. There is Juanita, Dana's mother, whose motives for refusing her husband a divorce are suspect—does she really love him? Is she merely possessive? And there is Martin Turo, Ghiselle's husband, sensitive and cultivated, who comes nearest to understanding the barriers, but not the way through them, which stand between people and their essential communication with each other.

Miss Roane is an extremely able writer, and she presents these people and the various minor characters who help create their dramatic situation, with insight and sympathy. But one feels that the face of love here shown is only one of Love's many faces; the service of Love is indeed perfect freedom, but that very freedom chooses to give again as much as it takes . . . if it *be* Love, and not an unconscious self-seeking. Miss Roane does not convince me even when she allows Martin Turo to say that "every man has a right to his own unhappiness." It is a large theorem she poses, and the philosophy expressed in this book, with its rather abstruse and involved symbology of love, strikes me as being more a point of departure than an arrival at an ultimate truth. It is engrossing as a study of a singular and complex group of people for whom one feels, as the author feels, great sympathy. But it left this reviewer, at any rate, unsatisfied as to its true profundity.

Mary McCarthy—"deftness and quickness."

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Merle Miller—honesty and anger.

Marianne Roane—"insight and sympathy."

A Sound of Hunting

THE SURE THING. By Merle Miller. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 341 pp. $3.

By JOHN WOODBURN

ONE of the many things which confused me during the war had to do with *The New Republic.* Upon several occasions I was visited by representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation who questioned me about people I knew who were candidates for positions in the Government or wished to be commissioned in one or the other of the branches of Intelligence. They were inconspicuous, extremely courteous men in their early or middle thirties, and for some reason I seem to remember them as all wearing very clean spectacles. I am sure that this is not true, but that is my durable impression, and it is now almost the only physical memory they have left with me. They asked a great many routine questions, but sooner or later they always got around to *The New Republic.* Beneath their casual manner, their pleasant diffidence, I detected a burning interest in whether or not Mr. Whosis subscribed to that journal of opinion and hence, I suppose, to those opinions. I believe that *The Nation* was also mentioned, and once one of them, who apparently didn't care *what* he said, referred to *The New Masses,* but chiefly I remember *The New Republic,* like the spectacles. Out of those questions and my answers there began to emerge a portrait of an American—a loyal, Governmentally-acceptable American—which alarmed and depressed me. Some of these conversations left me with the impression that the only citizens who could stare Old Glory straight in the stripes without blushing were steel magnates, Wall Street financiers, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the paid-up membership of the more somnolent of the gentlemen's clubs.

And I am afraid that some of those gentlemen went away with some of the information they were after. It is a difficult and humiliating thing to be evasive about the fact that one knows, and is happy to know, people who are literate, altruistic, and adventurous-minded, who hate cruelty and are willing to identify with others, and who even read *The New Republic.*

Merle Miller's new, second novel is about this sort of thing, and it is filled with a sound of hunting. It is an extremely contemporary novel, both in form and content; the story is sub-

(*Continued on page* 30)

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U. S. A. *As soon as America became the world's melting-pot most national groups yielded to the temptation to overestimate their own contribution to our life. This tendency reached such proportions during World War I that the platform upon which Woodrow Wilson ran for re-election denounced "hyphenated Americans." In World War II "hyphenism" was again a factor, but the appeals were not quite so blatant. In reviewing Gerald W. Johnson's "Our English Heritage" (see page 15) Professor Nevins has some arresting things to say about the type of book, still a publishing staple, which glorifies the hyphenates. Another new book, Morton Grodzins's "Americans Betrayed," tells the sad story of what happened to Americans of Jap ancestry in the late war. . . . Another perennial American problem—our supreme law-making body—is the subject of James M. Burns's "Congress on Trial" (below).*

Justus in The Minneapolis Star.

"Farm Aid."

A Verdict of Guilty

CONGRESS ON TRIAL: The Politics of Modern Law-Making. By James M. Burns. New York: Harper & Bros. 224 pp. $3.

By Lindsay Rogers

THERE seems to be no end to the making of books on Congress. This is all to the good, because the subject is highly important. In recent years Thomas K. Finletter has given a pessimistic answer to the question "Can Representative Government Do the Job?" George B. Galloway has had "Congress at the Crossroads." Senator Estes Kefauver has called for a "20th Century Congress." And now Mr. Burns puts the national legislature "on trial," reaches a verdict of guilty, and proposes measures of reform.

There are few new counts in his indictment, but the familiar ones are set out in readable and persuasive fashion. Congress is a parochial body. Representatives and Senators are more concerned about their districts and states than they are about the national welfare. They cringe before pressure groups. The lower branch of the legislature can be called the "House of Misrepresentatives." There are glaring inequalities in apportionment. In fourteen states the population of the largest congressional district is more than twice that of the smallest. A state electorate can show a Republican majority in the total vote for representatives but can send to Washington twice as many Democrats as Republicans. The seniority system in respect to committee posts vests "disproportionate powers in the states and districts that tend to re-elect their Congressmen." Obstructionists have an arsenal that contains many weapons other than the much-publicized filibuster, and some of these weapons can be used secretly.

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"On a Bicycle Built for Two."

Mr. Burns's pages disclose that his reading has been wide and his thinking careful. He is no armchair critic for he has seen Congress from the inside—as a legislative assistant to a member. Moreover, he has taken counsel with many who have had experience in Washington and know "the Hill" at first hand. Few will quarrel with Mr. Burns's list of ailments. Whether Congress will take any of the medicine he prescribes is a different matter.

Congress cannot reform itself. The necessary changes "can come about only as a part of far deeper changes in the organization of American politics, specifically in the party system." But surely these changes will not occur unless Senators and Representatives agree. Presidents must continue to be leaders, but Congress must be reformed by a reform of the party system.

The President should share his powers "with other party leaders who are as eager and able to take a national view of national problems as the President himself." Mr. Burns is more confident than I am that the President can "do so without losing the flexibility of action that must remain in the White House." There must be a new leadership for each of the parties. A small executive council "composed of officials with national reputations" should be set up to "fix major policy for the party." The victorious party has the President for a spokesman. The defeated party should have a "head." There should be annual conventions to formulate policy and to choose the "national party leaders." The national leadership should be able to "veto" inconsistent policies of state and local organizations.

These are the changes which might "vitalize the party system in the United States." Leadership could be maintained by control of finances, by withholding patronage from insurgents, and by a "moral sanction" which would require "approval by the national headquarters of the choice of all candidates for national office and of all planks relating to national issues." I have difficulty in believing that the first two controls would be effective, and I am sure that the "moral sanction" is not practical politics. The Central Democratic Party Organization saying that Senator Harry F. Byrd could not be a candidate for re-election in Virginia? Hardly!

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—*From "Art in Federal Buildings."*

"The English Purchasing Land from the Indians," by Umberto Romano.

America's Next of Kin

OUR ENGLISH HERITAGE. By Gerald W. Johnson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 253 pp. $3.50.

By Allan Nevins

IF THERE is a paucity of books on the English "contribution" to the making of America it is because the subject is too large and in some respects too vague and general for single volumes; it is an encyclopedic subject. The fact is that the British (we cannot omit the Scots, Ulster-Scots, or Welsh) set the mold in which American life was cast. Our culture is as distinctly an Anglo-American culture as that of Quebec is Franco-American or that of Colombia Spanish-American. The language, the fundamental political concepts, the code of civil liberties, the central literary tradition, the main legal principles, the doctrines of the stronger Protestant sects, the moral and social values of the population, are primarily of British origin. An American may have not a drop of British blood; he may evince a distinct prejudice against the British; yet he is molded in a way of life which owes far more to Britain than to any other source.

Probably the British contribution is best left unstated because its size and importance defy brief statement. The only way to grasp it is through a careful study of all American history. We may let the Dutch, the Irish, the French, the Germans, the Negroes, and all the others set forth in detail what they gave to the making of America; the rest, we can say (and it is basic) is British. Who can set down in words the precise reasons why John Hampden and George Washington held an identical faith on matters affecting human freedom and political justice—and why neither was at all akin to Bolivar? Who can explain why Franklin, Hawthorne, and Henry James felt about equally at home in America and in England; why Lincoln and John Bright had the same conceptions of democracy and liberalism; why Dickens found his greatest worshippers in America and Whitman his warmest admirers in England? Why have we copied so many political and social innovations from Britons, with a small time-lag, while they have so easily copied others from America?

There is much here that eludes a catalogue, for it pertains to the spirit. In minor matters the British and Americans frequently irritate each other more than any other two peoples; but in the major issues of life they understand each other instinctively and perfectly. Despite all divergencies, they are still of the same family.

Mr. Johnson has approached his formidable task with gusto, and has written a long essay that is interesting from beginning to end. He has subjected himself to two limitations which seem rather unfortunate: he deals with the English alone of the British stocks, and he keeps pretty rigidly to the colonial period, ignoring the immense Anglo-American interchanges of the nineteenth century. Actually it is hard to separate early English influences from those of men of Welsh blood like Roger Williams, of Scottish origin like Cadwallader Colden, or even of Irish stock like Sir William Johnson. And it is impossible to deny that in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries British influences on America much outweighed those of any other lands. Our institutional borrowings alone—the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Charity Organization Societies, the Boy Scouts, and so on—constitute a formidable roster. Mr. Johnson might well have given brief attention to these facts. Even within his self-fixed limitations he permits himself some curious omissions. A newspaperman, he might have been expected to say something of the great Anglo-American tradition of the press—for Defoe was just as truly the Father of American as of English journalism, and our cheap penny press, our critical weeklies, and other features of our journalism were borrowed from England. But Mr. Johnson does not mention the press as a separate entity.

Within its limits, however, the book is informed, urbane, and sparkling. It can touch only the higher spots of the subject, but it touches them deftly and expertly. Its essays on the language, the laws, the religious faith, the arts, and the sciences that the English transplanted to America are accurate as well as penetrating.

Mr. Johnson shows how broad and enduring was the pattern fixed by the settlers who came with John Smith and William Bradford, with William Penn and General Oglethorpe. They had an individualism, a spirit of enterprise, and a taste for freedom which by and large exceeded anything of the sort known in Continental Europe. They had a sense of individual accountability to God, as strong among the Anglicans of Virginia and the Carolinas as among the Puritans; a belief in Bible-reading from which sprang rugged moral ideas; a taste for popular education and for the setting up of colleges. They brought from England a respect for land not merely as property but as a bulwark of personal dignity and independence. Penn, Roger Williams, and the Calverts made freedom of religious belief an important part of the American pattern. (The Calverts, by the way, were a Yorkshire family, and Catholicism in America was of English origin.) The English tendency toward a multiplicity of sects flourished, and still flourishes, on American soil.

Our American ideas of democracy go back to the Mayflower compact, to the rules and regulations instituted by Captain John Smith, and to Penn's charters for West Jersey and Pennsylvania. Our representative institutions run back to the Virginia assembly. Freedom of speech was expounded by Penn and Andrew Hamilton; the doctrine of the right to revolt against political tyranny was exemplified by the young English immigrant Nathaniel Bacon. American idealism had a

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multitude of English founders; prominent among them General Oglethorpe, with his humanitarian zeal for poor debtors, his hatred of slavery and of intemperance, and his ambition to set up a land-system that would thwart monopoly and give every commoner an inalienable small-holding. The religious pattern of the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Unitarians, the Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, and others is fundamentally a British pattern. Our laws (except in Louisiana) are of the British form and tradition, and our lawyers now are not less trained in an English spirit than when Lincoln and Cleveland studied Blackstone. With this heritage of English law is closely interwoven a set of philosophical doctrines on liberty expounded by Milton, Harington, and John Locke.

When it comes to the arts, Mr. Johnson proves that in music, painting, and in architecture the English transplanted to America forms and ideas of the first importance. Science was nurtured in America by the English scientific spirit of the seventeenth century, and by that Royal Society which counted eminent American members like William Byrd and Benjamin Franklin. It is a little strange that among the arts Mr. Johnson says nothing of drama. Our stage has always been an Anglo-American stage, and even in the movies we have levied heavily on British dramatic art and actors. Because he omits Scottish influences, he can say nothing of the immense debt of American medicine to the Edinburgh which trained Dr. Benjamin Rush and others. He does brief justice, however, to British philosophy from Hobbes to Herbert Spencer; and to the general processes of English thought, which in their practicality and gradualism have been so closely followed by American thinking. All in all, he thinks it not improbable that "the pattern set by the English, far from having run out, is only now ready for its development with richer fabrics, more gorgeous hues, and more daring designs than its originators ever possessed."

Most books on the contributions of various national stocks are a nuisance, and some are positively dangerous. They foster a hyphenate trend of thought which we should put behind us. We are Americans; not Irish-Americans, German-Americans, or Italian-Americans, but Americans. The series to which this volume belongs is likely to do more harm than good. But this particular volume deserves commendation. It understates rather than overstates the English contribution; and Americans of English stock have been the least hyphenated of all our American elements.

A Blot on Our Escutcheon

AMERICANS BETRAYED. By Morton Grodzins. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 445 *pp.* $5.

By Bradford Smith

SELDOM has an act of government been so fully studied in all its sources as in this examination of the process by which more than a hundred thousand people were removed from their homes, despoiled of their property, separated from their livelihood, and placed in concentration camps. Yet this is an account not of Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy but a sober, meticulously documented record of how we penned up 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry—two-thirds of them American citizens.

Few Americans even today believe that there was no sabotage or fifth column work on the part of Japanese either in Hawaii or on the West Coast or elsewhere, before, during, or after the outbreak of war with Japan. Yet our military leaders who decreed mass evacuation knew it. Therefore ingrained racial prejudice and lobbying pressures rather than the logic of facts determined their decision.

Morton Grodzins was fortunately able to inspect the files of some of the pressure groups. He held interviews with most of the men responsible for the evacuation. His material is therefore first-hand, complete, incontrovertible. The result of his careful and unbiased massing of fact is to destroy every argument advanced either in 1942 or since in favor of mass evacuation. Quoting the highest military officials themselves, he proves that the supposed "military necessity" did not exist, that the "present danger" was only in the minds of biased men—and, worse, men with economic advantages in view. Evacuation was possible only because of the slow and thorough poison of a long, carefully nurtured campaign of race hatred on the West Coast.

Starting with the attitude of calm and even friendly feeling toward the resident Japanese which lasted for well over a month after Pearl Harbor, Mr. Grodzins shows how the campaign for removal was cleverly built up until local officials were influenced and finally Federal policy itself was shaped. He names names—some of them pretty high ones. He shows how lobbyists exerted pressure far in excess of the numbers they represented, how the Justice Department abdicated its authority over internal security and thus failed to invoke Presidential review of the War Department's insistence on evacuation, how Congress avoided "every important question involved" and filled its hearings with "misunderstanding and irrelevancy." He shows how the Supreme Court ducked the issue, refusing to challenge the right of the military to deprive American citizens of their civil rights. Finally he shows how the evacuation committed all the sins of racism and Fascism we were supposed to be fighting.

Mr. Grodzin's demonstration is complete and devastating. But it does not answer the wider question—why do men act this way and how can we prevent such a miscarriage of justice from happening again? What does our culture lack, what do we fear, that makes color-oriented race hatred so overpowering in spite of our knowledge that skin color has no effect on brain, blood, or behavior? Mr. Grodzins might have shown a startling parallel between our driving out the Japanese and the ancient practice of heaping the sins of the tribe upon some poor animal or human weakling, torturing him, and driving him over the border. Writing as a political scientist, Mr. Grodzins does not consider this ultimate problem. Yet it lies behind everything he says. The very cogency of his analysis urges the query: If all these public servants acted contrary to reason and fact, how can we devise a system of government which will not be at the mercy of that irrational element which lies at the source of human behavior?

The evacuation of the Japanese, concludes Mr. Grodzins, sanctions a policy of mass incarceration under military auspices which could be used against any or all of us.

All the main facts and much of the evidence here presented have been made public before. The book suffers at times from repetitive summaries like a doctoral dissertation. But Mr. Grodzins by the completeness of his demonstration has produced an important, a basic work.

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Belles-Lettres.

Nineteen forty-nine is peppered with anniversaries of the birth of the literary great. Most celebrated by far is of course the bicentennial of the German poet Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Scarcely observed at all (could it be because of political considerations?) is the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the great Russian poet and short-story writer Alexander Sergeivich Pushkin. Now the hundredth anniversary of Johan August Strindberg, the Swedish novelist, playwright, and essayist, is being marked by the publication of a new edition of eight of his plays and a biography by Elizabeth Sprigge, both reviewed below. But the literary world does not always wait for anniversaries to reappraise the work of its illustrious. Fresh evaluations of the novelists Rudyard Kipling, Arnold Bennett, Bulwer Lytton, and Herman Melville are considered on the following two pages.

Via Dolorosa of a Mad Genius

THE STRANGE LIFE OF AUGUST STRINDBERG. By Elizabeth Sprigge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 246 *pp.* $3.50.

EIGHT FAMOUS PLAYS. By August Strindberg. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 463 *pp.* $5.

By Russell Rhodes

IF EVER a writer publicly tore his heart and soul to bits and fitted the pieces back together as if solving a jigsaw puzzle, that man was Johan August Strindberg whose turbulent life is told almost with clinical detail by Elizabeth Sprigge, English specialist and translator of the great Swedish pioneer of naturalism and expressionism in the theatre. "The Strange Life of August Strindberg" is a clarifying guide to appreciation of his "Eight Famous Plays" which Edwin Bjorkman and N. Erickson have translated and for which Alan Harris has written an illuminating introduction. Both books salute the centennial of Strindberg's birth.

Miss Sprigge's hero, despite an inherent shyness, seems to have been goaded into parading his outlandish behaviorism through plays and novels in a manner that revolted his conservative countrymen and drove him into restless exile. Yet his career has been merely sketched before. His plays are too often left in classrooms where students are apt glibly to pigeonhole Strindberg as a classic misogynist and let it go at that. Yet choreographers, for example, might well look no further than "A Dream Play" for a ballet of power and vaulting imagination.

Miss Sprigge has arranged "The Strange Life" as a literary fugue, a symphony whose dramatic values are chiefly in minor key. She writes the biography as a story, which it really was, a *via dolorosa* through a morass of black despair and twisted imagery, as fantastic as a nightmare by Poe, as vainglorious as Nietszche's megalomania, as bitterly uncompromising as Zola. These were the literary stimuli for Strindberg's maturing genius as a pillar of André Antoine's Theatre Libre in the Place Pigalle of 1888.

Nine autobiographical novels, forty-seven plays, twenty-seven miscellaneous essays, poems, philosophical and scientific articles, and five chamber plays are listed in Strindberg's main works, from "Hermione," a Greek tragedy (rejected by the Royal Theater of Stockholm, when he was twenty-one) to "The Great Highway," written two years before he died. Strindberg considered it his finest poetry and his sharpest wit, but the public and critics disliked this nostalgic pilgrimage of a soul. They felt cheated at such uncharacteristic display of mellowness, for by now they had overcome their shock at the horrors of "The Dance of Death" and "The Father" and the autobiographical "A Fool's Defense," in which Strindberg fed his sense of perpetual guilt by smearing Siri von Essen, his estranged first wife.

—*Carl Larsson* (1890).

Strindberg: "Everything is atoned for."

Fourth son of a well-educated Stockholm shipping agent who claimed aristocratic descent and a tailor's daughter who had been a domestic servant, Strindberg's childhood was bathed in tears of self-pity, alternating with tricks of exhibitionism. He couldn't abide being ignored, a boy paranoiac in a fancied hostile world. Lack of clothes and pocket money, a home crawling with children, a growing sense of social unfitness because of his mother's "slave blood" and his father's upper-class pretensions became lifelong ghosts. "The Song of a Maidservant" (1886) was his first contemptuous yet boastful autobiographical novel.

As his mother lay dying, Strindberg tortured himself with thoughts of the gold ring she had promised him. The mother-fixation remained in all his relationships with women, his mistresses, and his three wives. As an Uppsala student, he was disturbed by hallucinations that penetrated the mists beyond the Pietist religion to which he was heir. He became a freethinker, discovered Kierkegaard and, before he was thirty, suffered aphasia and so feared insanity that he asked to be admitted to an asylum.

He became a newspaper reporter, championing the working classes, yet roistering with the Runa brethren in the Red Room, inspired by the Bohemianism of Montmartre. He advocated women's rights but violently objected to "the new woman," failed as an actor, despite painstaking study of Goethe's treatise on histrionics, edited an insurance journal, read proof and did translations to buy the green illusion of happiness he sucked from an absinthe bottle. At twenty-five, humiliated, debt-ridden, Strindberg had tried so many jobs that he felt intellectually bankrupt.

As sinologist of the Royal Library at Stockholm, he met Siri von Essen, took her away from her husband, Baron Wrangel, a Captain in the Guards. Then began his obsessions with sex, his alternate worshipping and hating his wife, his doubt as to whether he had fathered their daughter, his experiments with black magic. He could not bear it when Siri fled with the children. Later, there was marriage to Frida Uhl, a young Austrian journalist, and, after that, to

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Strindberg at 13—a "childhood bathed in tears of self-pity."

Harriet Bosse, his leading lady of "Easter," who survives him.

The paradoxical Swede who deliberately paddled in life's dregs lived to hear his name sung and cheered as "Freedom's Poet" by his countrymen who gathered to salute him beneath the Blue Tower on his sixtieth birthday, hailed by critics and literary artists throughout the world. One of the last acts of this erstwhile masochist, hater, and arrogant genius who Sean O'Casey said "shakes flame from the living planets and fixed stars" was to repay many times over his debt to the Swedish colony in Paris for succor when he was poor and starving there thirty years before. He died in 1912, clasping a Bible and murmuring, "Everything is atoned for."

"Eight Famous Plays" includes "The Link," a little-known one-act tragedy, based on Strindberg's divorce proceedings from Siri von Essen; "The Father," in which he aired his views on insanity and paternal doubts; "Miss Julia," recalling his working-class reactions to an aristocratic woman (Siri and himself again); "The Stronger," a brief monologue in a restaurant on Christmas Eve by one woman who suspects that the other (silent) one has had an attachment with her husband; "There Are Crimes and Crimes," a "comedy" expressing Strindberg's twenty-year sense of guilt over the death of Siri's first child—with the Jardin de Luxembourg as a Garden of Eden from which a guilty couple is expelled; "Gustavus Vasa," a historical play about the maker of modern Sweden; "The Dance of Death," a two-part horror masterpiece of married hatred and misery in an island fortress; "The Spook Sonata," a chamber play August Falck produced in the Strindberg Theatre, which Miss Sprigge defines as "utter exposure of life's most shameful secrets."

Three Stars in the Descendant

RUDYARD KIPLING. English Novelists Series. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Denver: Alan Swallow. 107 *pp.* $2.

ARNOLD BENNETT. By Walter Allen. 107 *pp. The same.*

BULWER LYTTON. By the Earl of Lytton, K. G. 111 *pp. The same.*

By Ben Ray Redman

THESE newcomers to the English Novelists Series exhibit, generally speaking, the same virtues that distinguished their four predecessors. Although none of the trio, perhaps, is as interesting a study as either Phyllis Bentley's treatment of the Brontës or G. D. H. Cole's book on Samuel Butler, the standards of the series have been well maintained and its ends have been well served. Each of the critical biographers moves easily within the compass allowed him, thereby reaffirming in practice Thomas Campion's priceless dictum: "There is no writing too brief that, without obscurity, comprehends the intent of the writer." A cool judicial temper is displayed by all three critics, no one of whom, apparently, has felt any temptation to praise his author rashly, or to diminish his market value by clever reassessment. Indeed, conscious cleverness finds no place in these studies: the writer never steps between subject and reader to court admiration for himself. Information is conveyed easily, judgment is delivered simply, and there is a complete absence of fashionable critical jargon and triple-talk.

Two of the three novelists with whom these small books are concerned are at present undergoing what Saintsbury might have called an unwarranted occultation, while the state of the third resembles that of a burned-out star. It is certain, I think, that the currently depressed reputations of Kipling and Bennett will rise again; but it is hardly less certain that Bulwer Lytton's reputation belongs to the past. Perhaps even today there is somewhere a small boy—as there was many years ago—who is busy reading straight through Bulwer because a dozen or so fat volumes of his happen to stand on the family shelves between Charles Reade and Dickens, and because the small boy is determined to leave no garrisons in his rear as he pursues his sweeping invasion of English literature. It may well be, too, that the youngster is reading with pleasure, for there is much in Bulwer to stir the youthful imagination; but the odds are overwhelming that when the boy grows up he will cease to look upon Bulwer as a living author.

The present Lord Lytton, while writing respectfully of his once famous grandfather, frankly notes the disabilities from which he suffered. He was "steeped in the romantic insincerity of his age." He "never created a really satisfactory woman character." He "could not in fact describe accurately the things which he habitually saw. He endowed them with a romance created by his imagination, and represented them not as they were but as his romantic mind conceived them to be." He was happier when dealing with the distant past or the future, as all his readers know, but even then his imagination was not of the first order. His stylistic faults—in his early novels of contemporary life—were those of his age: he called a bedroom a "somnambular accommodation," and described the act of lighting a pipe as "applying the Promethean spark to his tube." Bulwer's best novel, we are told, is "The Caxtons." His "most durable" play is "Money." And his "most ambitious poetical work" is "King Arthur." His best period, says his grandson, began with "Zanoni" (1842) and ended with "My Novel" (1853). All these judgments are acceptable, but my memory tells me that for one of Bulwer's most successful fictions—perhaps his most successful—we must go back to "Rienzi" (1835).

All in all, Lord Lytton has done his duty with taste and discretion, and in the process he has told us just enough of his grandfather's domestic tragedy to make us understand the harrowing difficulties under which he worked.

Mr. Croft-Cooke has clearly charted Kipling's literary career (but only in prose, mind you, for this is a novelists series in which poetry finds no place), weighed his merits and demerits, and defended him against those who would condemn him as a jingoist, an imperialist, and even—vilest of all currently available terms of reprobation—a Fascist.

Kipling burst upon the world with an itch to tell good stories, with "the gift of speech" and "the guts and gusto" to set down the tales he found ready to his hand. His first book was a sensation in Simla and London, and won its author a fame that was disproportionate to his achievement; but he went on, during the next dozen years, to cultivate his peculiar talents—thereby catching up with his renown. Then, for thirty-four long years, he wrote slowly and carefully—"polishing, rewriting, scrapping, se-

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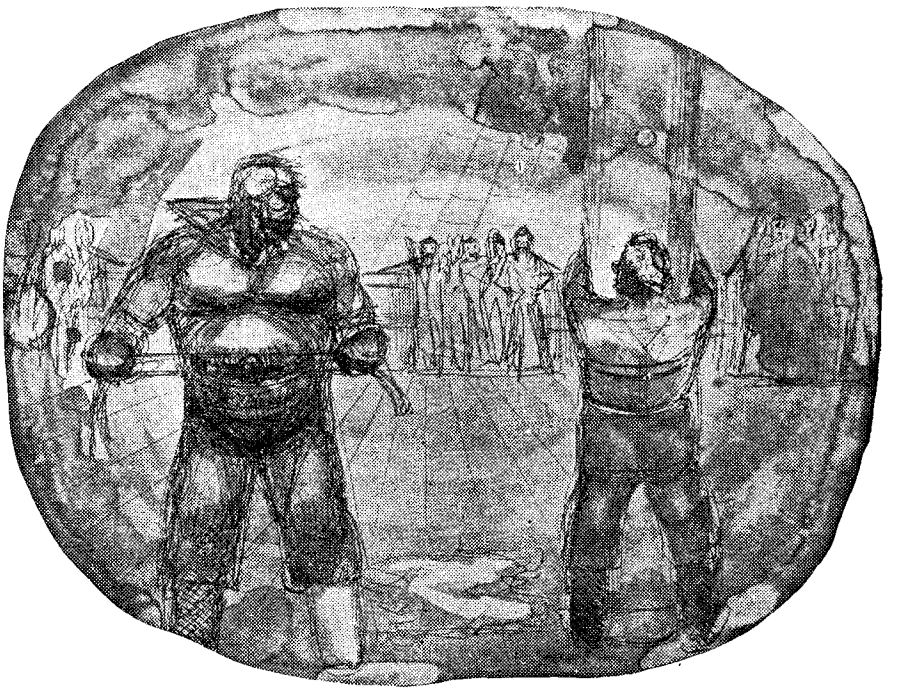
lecting to his heart's content"—and, if his popularity diminished somewhat as the years went by, the total value of his literary output steadily increased. In his earlier stories he had relied largely on skilful management of incident and on his remarkable pictorial sense, which made "a picture the basis of almost every story Kipling wrote." Now, without discarding his earlier ways and means, and while retaining his extraordinary sureness—"the sureness of the artist's imagination, something more realistic and accurate than the reporter's shorthand notes"—he became increasingly interested in using every tale for the expression of an idea. Finally, during his last decade, the craftsman outlived his inspiration. He had never created characters that were complex enough to be psychologically interesting, and he had failed as a novelist. But he had told perfectly a number of stories that will be read as long as men are delighted by the arts of fiction.

Sifting the wheat from the chaff is hardly a delicate critical operation in Arnold Bennett's case, but it is one that Mr. Allen performs deftly and with authority. He tells us that the pattern of Bennett's literary career was established when the author found himself a contributor, simultaneously, to *Tit-Bits* and *The Yellow Book*. He notes that, save for one novel, Bennett's memorable work was all done during the first half of his thirty-year career, and suggests that the author of "Clayhanger" and "The Old Wives' Tale" may have been a war casualty. Mr. Allen also sees Bennett as a victim of the schism in public taste which followed the Education Act of 1870, and which "meant that no serious novelist, unless he was very lucky and was able to tap a huge popular interest, itself the product of the New Journalism, as Wells tapped the popular interest in scientific marvels, could hope to live, except after years of waiting, on his novels." This is a point worth making, and one that supports Albert Jay Nock's adaptation of Gresham's Law —that bad writing drives out good, in a society that believes in universal literacy. In view of Bennett's character, it is probably true that this schism did create a responsive division in his own soul and in his methods of work. His artistic integrity was unequal to the demands made upon it, and he grew rich while other serious novelists were remaining poor as a result of their refusal to write potboilers. Had he made the same refusal, he might have survived in a dozen, instead of three or four, novels. But then, of course, he would not have been Arnold Bennett.



—*From Gil Wilson's drawings for "The White Whale" music-drama.*

"Stubb Is Flogged."

Browne, Beale, Bennett, et al.

THE TRYING-OUT OF MOBY-DICK. By Howard P. Vincent. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 391 pp. $5.

By Robert E. Spiller

EVEN though the position of Herman Melville as one of our major authors has been established for little more than a quarter of a century, there are by now probably more special studies of him and his work than of any other major author with the possible exceptions of Poe, Emerson, and Whitman. And with the appearance from time to time of volumes in the new collected edition under the general editorship of Howard P. Vincent, they multiply apace. The present work is obviously a by-product of Mr. Vincent's investigations in preparing his edition of "Moby-Dick" for that edition.

This is the most thorough analysis of the sources of "Moby-Dick" that we have yet had. It is unfortunate that Mr. Vincent felt impelled to lash previous critics for their failure to appreciate just why the novel is great when he himself is so obviously indebted to them for his own insights. It is also unfortunate that he did not have time to read Olson's study of Melville and Shakespeare or Willard Thorp's scholarly edition of "Moby-Dick," both published in 1947, before putting his own book to press, or he might have been spared some of the absurd statements of his prefatory sections. His book is more a synthesis and elaboration of the work of others than a pioneering study.

Mr. Vincent's thesis that Melville wrote first an outline of some kind, then a largely narrative tale of the sea, and finally the metaphysical prose epic that we know, is by now pretty generally established, and is further supported by F. Barron Freeman's recent study of "Billy Budd." But his inference that these stages were not planned by the author in advance, but were rather an accident prompted mainly by his conversations with Hawthorne, is not so easy to prove. The point is not important because in either case the thesis will serve as a formula for the parallel study of the novel and the books which Melville read and used in its composition. Although Mr. Vincent discusses all sources, his analysis of the philosophical ones is relatively superficial; it is the works on whaling that come in for exhaustive study. The one real contribution to an understanding of Melville that the book provides is the proof that the wide range of reading suggested by Melville's sub-sub-librarian preface is largely window dressing. Melville was heavily indebted to about six books on whaling —Browne, Beale, Bennett, Scoresby, and Chase—for the descriptive and expository parts of his work. This Mr. Vincent demonstrates fully and conclusively; and he also makes it clear that these parts form an integral and necessary foundation for the imaginative construction of this great book.

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Notes from the Air

TOKYO.

IN A LITTLE more than two hours, the plane puts down at Haneda Airport in Tokyo, from which these notes will be cabled to *SRL*. From Tokyo, I go on to Hiroshima for ceremonies relating to the establishment of a world peace center on the site destroyed by the first atomic bombing of a city four years ago. The schedule also calls for a visit to Nagasaki, scene of the second atomic bombing in actual warfare. Concerning all this, more later.

Meanwhile, here are some notes about the trip itself—a flight of some 14,000 miles interrupted only for refueling and changes of planes. Sky reading on this trip includes Robert King Hall's "Education for a New Japan," a comprehensive and obviously competent review of facts and factors that must go into the making of a progressive and pacific Japan; Helen Mears's "Mirror for Americans: Japan," a briskly written and sharply argued indictment of American policy in Japan and the Far East in general; the Penguin edition of Conrad's "Almayer's Folly," and the inevitable "Practical Cogitator," an indefatigable and insistent air companion that has shared my seat in perhaps 100,000 miles of air travel since it first clamped down a lien on my reading time four years ago.

But, however ideal the sky may be as a reading room, it is even more impressive as a dining room for the imagination. It spreads a table of such self-perpetuating wonder and variety that the eye and mind become willing gluttons, the craving increasing, expanding with each dish. No sunset or sunrise seen from a mountaintop ever gave the optic nerves a finer time than when they have the clouds for a floor instead of a ceiling. The spectacle is a total one in the sense that it is circular; everything gets into the act and the picture, held together by a vast frame of continuing color. As for the clouds themselves, Guy Murchie has a passage in "The Cogitator" well worth quoting:

> If winds are the spirit of the sky's ocean, the clouds are its texture. Theirs is easily the most uninhibited dominion of the earth. Nothing in physical shape is too fantastic for them. Some are thunderous anvils formed by violent updrafts from the warm earth. Some are the ragged coattails of storms that have passed. Some are stagnant blankets of warm air resting on cold. Some are mare's tails floating in the chill upper sky in the afternoon. I've beheld a quadruple rainbow moving against a stratocumulus layer below. Not an ordinary rainbow that forms an arch, but the special rainbow called the glory, known only to those who fly: a set of complete circles, each inside the next concentrically. These formed a sort of color target that sped along the clouds on the opposite side from the sun with the shadow of the airplane in the center.

If things get too crowded in Manhattan, I'm going to suggest to my colleagues that we publish *SRL* from a flying office. You get a sense of stretch up here, you have the feeling that this is the natural habitat for men who think they'd like to work together. You find it easy to understand why the Acheson-Lilienthal Report on Atomic Energy was largely hatched up here in the blue. I seem to recall that either in the report itself or in a statement by Mr. Lilienthal the point was made that after long hours of earth-bound indecision,

the Committee members would adjourn to a conference room 10,000 feet up and discover ways of getting the hang of what the other fellow was talking about and of arriving at basic agreements that previously had seemed elusive or impossible. There was little intervention by the individual ego and a good deal of a disposition to consider rather than to confront.

Dealing as they were with what comes pretty close to the ultimates, the members of the Committee had only to look out of their window for establishing the true nature of the problem, which was not the atom but man. And their window was a complete frame of reference. For when you get up above a mile, you see only the evidence of man but nothing of man himself. You see his roads and his fields and his cities, but never man. Going by the evidence, you might conceive of him in terms of units of electrical energy, rather than of matter. And if, assuming you were able to scrutinize him through powerful microscopes and could establish the fact that he was matter and energy both, you would be able to discern virtually no differentiation between one man and another—no matter how many specimens you examined from different areas. And yet you could tell from the evidence that these differentiations seemed to man to be more important than life itself.

You would wonder, considering how small is the fraction of the earth's surface he occupies, how he could find his way from one distant area to the other to get at the throat of someone just like himself. You would wonder at the faculty which enables him to identify such a person as totally different and to proceed to attempt to kill him and his kind for a reason which, from the perspective of your sky platform, would seem as incomprehensible as a war between the forests. Up here, at least, you have some idea of what the real challenge is. You see that the dominant portion of the earth is not land but sea. You can see that very little of the land is congenial to man's existence and development. You can see vast eroded areas and other vital areas threatened by erosion. You see vast areas where there is too little rain and other areas where there is too much. If you fly over Europe and Asia, you can see that the typical city is the destroyed city, and that the pattern of destruction is not static but enveloping, suggesting unity of a sort if man rejects the unity which sanity might produce. If the proper study of mankind is man, up here in the blue is the place for it.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Life of the Party"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s candid analysis of the American Communist Party ["The Life of the Party," SRL July 16] has provoked a number of letters sharply challenging his statements. We have asked Mr. Schlesinger to comment on several of these letters.*

SIR: Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., whose popularity with the slick magazines is perhaps too great to permit him the luxury of calling other writers hacks, notes that "Like Maltz, John Howard Lawson, Alvah Bessie, and Dalton Trumbo, the fellow-traveling ex-proletarian writers go to Hollywood and become film hacks. Until, that is, they refused to own up to their political beliefs before a committee of Congress—in response to which the film industry, rearing itself in an unwonted spasm of moral nobility, turned them out into the storm."

Quite aside from the fact that I, for one, worked in motion pictures before I became an "ex-proletarian writer," this business of refusing to answer questions relating to political and trade-union affiliations is one which has deeply and unnecessarily agitated the Luce intellectuals of late. I say unnecessarily because I do not think it possible for a committee of the Congress to ask Mr. Schlesinger a question which would do violence to his conscience. He takes his stand squarely in the tradition of chronic confessors who have plagued the earth since the first establishment of orthodoxy.

Wherever inquisitorial courts have been set up, Mr. Schlesinger and his breed have appeared in eager herds to proclaim: "I do not wish to imply approval of your questions, but I am not now nor have I ever been a dissenter. I am not now nor have I ever been a Communist. I am not now nor have I ever been a trade unionist. I am not now nor have I ever been a Jew. Prosecute those who answer differently, O masters, silence them, send them to jail, make soap of them if you wish. But not of me, for I have answered every question you chose to ask, fully, frankly, freely—and on my belly."

DALTON TRUMBO.

Frazier Park, Calif.

Mr. Schlesinger replies:

Dalton Trumbo's well-known rhetoric requires no comment, except perhaps "whew." I might say to Mr. Trumbo, though, as from one hack to another, that he still does not answer the simple question as to how he would feel if witnesses before a Congressional committee refused to say whether they were members of the National Association of Manufacturers, the Trotskyite movement, the German-American Bund, or the Ku Klux Klan. But I would be naive, of course, to suppose that Mr. Trumbo thinks that Trotskyites and Klansmen, for example, should be accorded the same rights as Communists and fellow-travelers. As Paul Robeson made clear at a recent conference of Mr. Trumbo's Civil Rights Congress, members of the Socialist Workers Party and of the KKK are *not* entitled to the protection of civil liberties (see *The New York Times*, July 19). Fellow travelers are welcome to this double standard; but I see no reason why liberals are supposed to admire them for it.

* * *

"Why don't we compromise, then, on a quadripartite bizonal control of the triumvirate on a unilateral basis?"

SIR: In his recent article Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., commented at considerable length on me, on my part in a *New Masses* literary controversy and on the case of the Hollywood Ten. I beg your fair play in extending me adequate space for a reply, especially since Mr. Schlesinger has passed invidious judgment on my integrity.

1. In 1946 I published an article in the *New Masses* in which I severely criticized certain patterns in its literary judgments. My article was met by great hostility in the left-wing movement. An extended controversy followed that was indeed extremely heated and abusive. Yet beneath the abuse serious literary and philosophic issues were being discussed, whether well or badly is irrelevant. In a second article, and I take pride in the fact, I chose to ignore the abuse and instead attempted to grapple, not too successfully I think, with some of the issues. What is at point here is this: On certain fundamental matters, such as the relationship between literature and politics, I believed that my critics were right and I was wrong. I freely and earnestly said so. To Mr. Schlesinger this is proof of a lack of intellectual integrity. What fine cant this is, especially from a man who quotes Emerson: "Speak what you think today as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow, speak what you think in words just as hard though you contradict everything you said today." Apparently Mr. Schlesinger approves of this in all but the practice.

It so happens that I would not today write either my first or second article as I did then. But if I were to reconsider the same issues, I would repeat some of my strictures of left-wing criticism and I would profit from some of the criticisms of my own, earlier position—and I would do both with a recognition that Marxist thought has had, and I think will have, a profound effect upon American letters.

2. Mr. Schlesinger also characterizes me thus: "Albert Maltz, a former novelist, who had become a Hollywood writer..." I must comment on this because Mr. Schlesinger presses a heavy point about it: "So direct political control either throttles the serious artist or makes him slick and false. Like Maltz, John Howard Lawson, Alvah Bessie, and Dalton Trumbo, the fellow-traveling, ex-proletarian writers go to Hollywood and become film hacks." This is a neat tangle of misstatement. First, having published two novels, one of them this spring, in the eight years since moving my residence from East to West, I am scarcely a "former" novelist. Secondly, how puerile it is to ride this Hollywood myth about the automatic corruption of writers. Robert Sherwood, Lillian Hellman, Elmer Rice, Maxwell Anderson are not slick and false because they have written films. The slickness or falsity of a writer can be judged by his work and nothing else. I submit my work. Thirdly, there are writers who are slick and false who have never been concerned with politics. I have been and am, but no one has, or ever will, dictate to me how or what I write. It happens that my current novel has met vitriolic disapproval in *Masses and Mainstream*. Does this now make me a writer of integrity in Mr. Schlesinger's opinion? Or must I also attack the sound, Marxist thesis of the social responsibility of the artist and embrace Whittaker Chambers to achieve that? I will do neither.

3. On the case of the Hollywood Ten, he writes: "Until... they refused to own up to their political beliefs before a committee of Congress..." Own up? When men risk prison on an issue of principle, they may be wrong on the principle but upon what basis do honest men attack their integrity? The vilest committee in Congressional history held an investigation with these stated purposes: 1) to drive certain individuals out of film employment, not because of their works,

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which the committee dared not bring into testimony, but because of their alleged political opinions; 2) to censor films by demanding that certain films be made and others not made upon pain of Congressional wrath; 3) to set a pattern of inquisition to be visited upon "education, book publishing, the theatre," a declared eight-point program of the committee.

Mr. Schlesinger would like to have had us cooperate with this inquisition and thereby justify it. We chose to denounce it. What substance is there to free thought if citizens can be forced to disclose their conscience and then persecuted, not for acts against the law, but for their thinking and political association? To have answered yes or no to the Committee question would have been to justify the validity of political inquisition in our land. We did not do that and we were right, as events will prove.

ALBERT MALTZ.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Schlesinger replies:

Albert Maltz made certain literary pronouncements in a *New Masses* article; the Communist Party condemned these pronouncements; Mr. Maltz promptly recanted. These were the facts, and I so reported them. I have no doubt that Eugene Dennis, William Z. Foster, and those other eminent critics and estheticians who took part in the condemnation may well have persuaded Mr. Maltz that he was wrong. They have been able to persuade Mr. Maltz of a good many things over the last decade; indeed, I wish that Mr. Maltz would tell us when, except in this passing instance, has he ever deviated from the Communist Party line. As for my statement calling Mr. Maltz an ex-novelist, I meant it, I regret to say, with full knowledge of the recent publication of "The Journey of Simon McKeever."

And let me make my position perfectly clear on the Committee on the Un-American Activities: I have opposed it since its inception and will continue to oppose it. But I would like to know Mr. Maltz's answer to the question which he, like Mr. Trumbo, dodged. What would his opinion be of "the validity of political inquisition" if it were being directed against Socialists, Trotskyites, Klansmen? Mr. Maltz had better be careful how he answers that question; or he will again incure the disapproval of Dennis and Foster.

* * *

SIR: I think it was I who, in *New Masses*, praised "Watch on the Rhine" as a film, as Arthur Schlesinger remarks. So perhaps my memories of Party life may be useful to supplement his article. It is an unusually accurate article, except that I feel Schlesinger has been taken in by the CP's paper pretensions. It is true that in theory the Party is a monolithic, disciplined, devoted, and hard-working organization. And it would certainly like to be one.

But in practice the CP in New York is a collection of some of the most undisciplined individuals in a very undisciplined and individualist city. For one member really capable of selfless hard work, there are a dozen young people interested mainly in love affairs and husband-hunting, with two or three petty functionaries interested only in holding onto their jobs. Party jobs are notoriously ill-paid, and few who can get decent jobs elsewhere will work for the Party long. Most of the opinion-making Party jobs, therefore, are filled by hopeless incompetents. These men are bound to the CP by the strongest of all ties; for no other employer would hire them as anything above office boy, and they know it.

In consequence the real life of the Party is almost entirely a matter of personal relations for personal motives. In my own case, I was film critic of *New Masses* for several years, and I was only once asked to change a review for political reasons —and then it was a matter of taste; what seemed funny to me seemed cruel to the editors. But I had to withstand continual pressure of another kind—that of left-wing Hollywood writers who gave money to *New Masses* and therefore felt that it owed them rave reviews. The editors were never able to produce a readable and salable magazine; consequently they existed by begging, and I am afraid that *New Masses* would do nearly anything for money.

Similarly, I was always arguing with the editors on political questions; but I was *not* dropped from *New Masses* until I said that it was badly edited.

There is only one unforgivable sin in the CP, and it is *not* criticism of Moscow. The Party is actually so short of skilled workers (Schlesinger's estimate of 70,000 members probably echoes some more CP wishful thinking) that it will forgive almost any amount of "political deviation"—Budenz, remember, could keep his job to the end. What really gets people expelled is personal criticism of the paid leadership.

Obviously such leaders have no trouble in accepting changes in the Moscow line! They are essentially *unpolitical* people; like the Vicar of Bray, they find one King as good as another as long as he will pay them. One might call them Commissars of Bray. There are some men of genuine intelligence and principle among them, but these are generally buried under overwork.

One word more; one need not leave the Party by the expulsion route. Most of us chose the simpler method of growing up and walking out.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Staatsburg, N. Y.

Mr. Schlesinger replies:

Miss Davidman's letter makes illuminating points. I would agree that CP discipline has been much more monolithic on paper than in actuality. I think she might agree, though, that, following the worldwide Soviet change of line in March 1945, the American Communist Party has become much tighter in its internal discipline than it was in the Browderite days when Miss Davidman knew it. Miss Davidman's last paragraph is exceedingly important and should be called to the attention of Senator Mundt. It is too late, I suppose, to call it to the attention of Mr. Trumbo.

* * *

SIR: In one paragraph Schlesinger states, "And many, . . . have become so dependent emotionally on discipline that, . . . they rush to another form of discipline in the Roman Catholic Church, moving from one bastion to another . . ." This is a comparison of the Communist Party to the Church, in no uncertain terms.

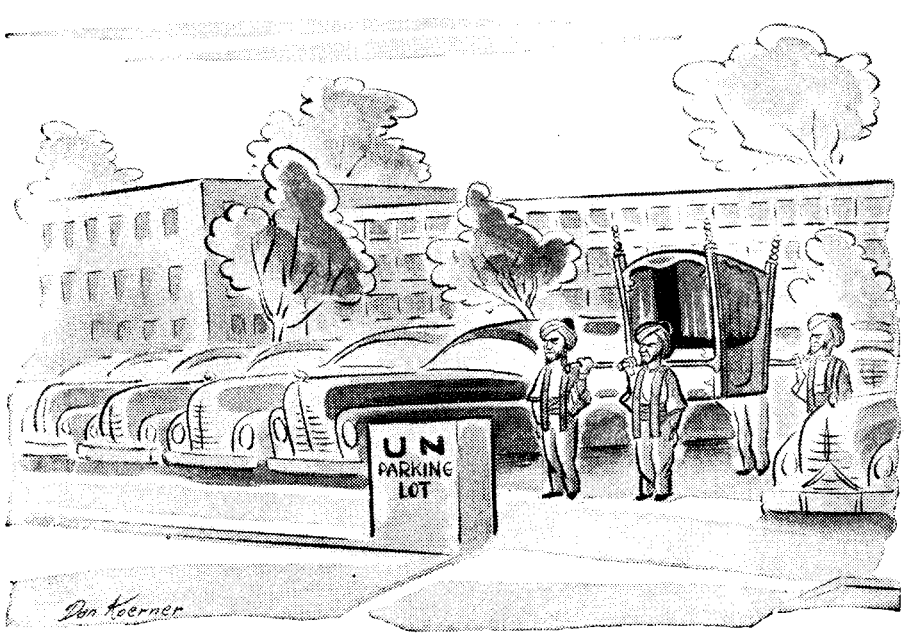
I am a Roman Catholic and I resent this man's comparison! My Church is not a disciplinary organization. Rather I consider it a privilege afforded to all who desire the practice of worship and faith. I have been a Catholic all of my life and the Church has never disciplined me.

KATHRYN O'CONNOR.

State College, Pa.

SIR: One sentence in Mr. Schlesinger's article contains at least four express or implied misstatements that are not supported by the facts. The misstatements are:

1. Many ex-Communists rush to Catholicism. Two such persons are named. But thousands more have left the CP in recent years. How many



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have joined non-Catholic churches or no church at all?

2. Emotional needs alone are enough to bring them to the Catholic Church. No ex-Communist can be accepted as a convert without careful study and acceptance of Catholic doctrine. Since, according to Mr. Schlesinger, both institutions have in common a discipline that satisfies emotional needs, the reason for change is more likely a rational craving for true instead of false answers to the problems of human existence.

3. The flight from Communism to Catholicism is "frenzied." Nothing in Mr. Budenz's book or Miss Bentley's statements justifies such an adjective. Their conversion came thoughtfully and after soul-searching deliberation.

4. The Catholic Church has a discipline differing only in form from that of the Communist Party. Communist discipline is used to enforce a totalitarian philosophy which subordinates all human activity to the State. But in all Christian churches, as in our Declaration of Independence, the moral rights of men are derived from God and may not be justly removed.

The sentence I have dissected is not essential to the article and the metaphor was doubtless used unthinkingly. But this is not the time to be careless about bracketing anyone, liberals or Catholics, with Communism, even in "discipline."

RAMSON L. WOOD.

Manhasset, N. Y.

Mr. Schlesinger replies:

Mr. Wood and Miss O'Connor make substantially the same point. The comparison in the article was not between the Communist and the Catholic creeds but between the inner need for intellectual and emotional security which both purport to satisfy. I gather that Mr. Wood and Miss O'Connor would accept this part of the comparison; but would like me to add that, of course, Communism is false and Catholicism is true. I certainly do not think that Communism has any answers to anything; but I have yet to be shown that Catholicism has them all either. Nor can I say that Cardinal Spellman's recent performance has increased my interest in the Catholic solution.

Yet the essential and all-important difference is that individual Catholics can refuse to believe that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is a bigot without running the risk of expulsion from their Church; while Communists who do not believe that Mrs. Roosevelt is an instrument of reaction will not last long in the Party.

One more point on the question of discipline. Miss O'Connor objects to the comparison on the ground that she has never felt the "discipline" of her Church but instead has been grateful for its guidance. What may seem discipline from the outside may often seem persuasion from within. I need only refer her to Mr. Maltz's letter.

* * *

SIR: Dr. Schlesinger has been utterly and capriciously irresponsible. He complains that "Hollywood has turned out to have a particularly favorable climate for the spread of Communism. The Hollywood writer, like the radio writer and the pulp-fiction writer, tends to have a pervading sense of guilt. He feels he has sold himself out; he has abandoned his serious work in exchange for large weekly pay checks; and he resents a society which corrupts him (it always seems to be society's fault in these cases). He has qualms of conscience, moreover, for making so much while others make so little. So he believes that he can buy indulgences by participating in the Communist movement, just as men in the Middle Ages bought remission for sins from "wandering monks."

I am a Hollywood writer. I am, in addition, a member of the Executive Board of the Screen Writers Guild. But I act as an individual when I am impelled to lay out Dr. Schlesinger's glib and vicious paragraph and examine it carefully.

Has Hollywood turned out to be "a particularly favorable climate for the spread of Communism"? I don't know. I don't think Dr. Schlesinger knows either. There are Communists here, of course. How many I couldn't say. I'm not. Louis B. Mayer isn't. Nor is Jack Warner. Certainly the Executive Board of the Screen Writers Guild isn't. We don't even know if the "Hollywood Ten" are. What Dr. Schlesinger refers to as Communism, he may well mean to be Liberalism. And, of that, we are certainly guilty. Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, anti-Franco organizations, anti-Fascist ones, Hollywood for Roosevelt, Hollywood for Truman, Americans for Democratic Action—oh yes, all these and more, have had tremendous and passionate support from people who make their living working in films. I hope this is all right with Dr. Schlesinger unless, of course, he denies the employees of one industry the right to participate in the struggle for the extension of democracy.

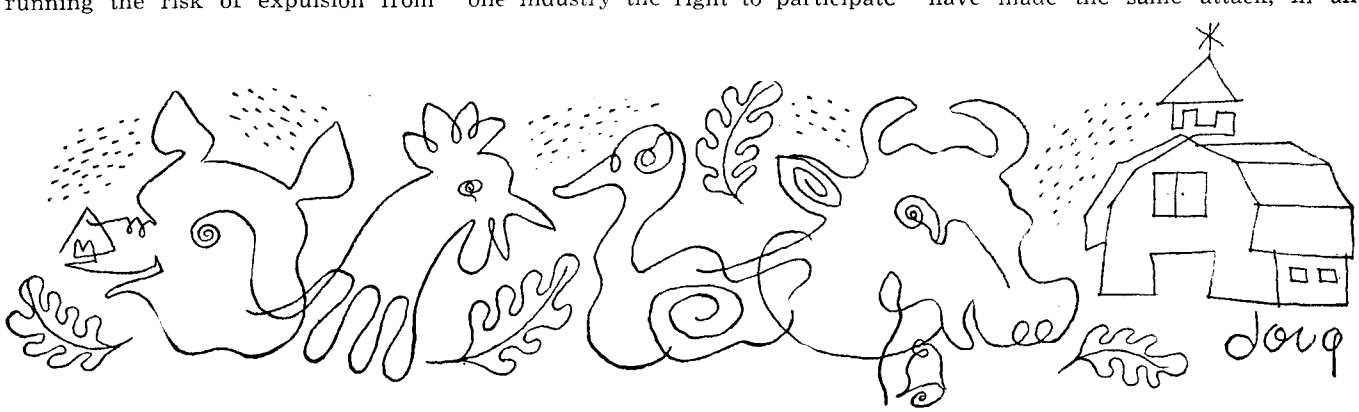
He goes on. "The Hollywood writer, like the radio writer and the pulp-fiction writer, tends to have a pervading sense of guilt." Where did scholarly Dr. Schlesinger pick that up? Does he mean that if he were a Hollywood writer, *he* would have a pervading sense of guilt? He assumes that all Hollywood writers, and there are twelve hundred of them, write scripts only because they get more money for them than they would for a book, say, on Andrew Jackson. He obviously believes that nobody *chooses* to be a screen writer, that nobody can find satisfaction in writing for the screen. And, let's face it, I don't mean people who talk about the Great Medium and Mass Education. I mean writers who like writing entertainment, and like millions of people seeing it. Really enjoy it. Have fun. Satisfaction. I can name dozens for Dr. Schlesinger. He could have named several dozen himself if he had bothered to exercise his scholarship.

Similarly, we are accused of feeling that we have sold out, because we've abandoned serious work for large pay checks, and that, as a result, we resent a society which has corrupted us. The nuts in that piece of peanut brittle are not hard to extract. There are a number of Hollywood writers who did serious plays and books before coming here. Chances are pretty good they are doing serious pictures. Moss Hart did. Robert Sherwood did. Lots of the boys and girls wrote for entertainment and circulation. They're still doing it. A great, great many—and Dr. Schlesinger apparently never heard of these—are total Hollywood products, brought up in this industry, using their talents and skills and abilities directly for the screen. Perhaps some of these men and women resent a society which will tolerate mass attack against minorities—even the minority of the screen writer.

Note, too, that we have qualms of conscience for making so much while others make so little. I don't know what Dr. Schlesinger makes but it's a safe bet that he does better than most screen writers. He really should have looked *that* up; it's published.

And, finally, we buy indulgences for our fat pay checks and our swimming pools and pearls dissolved in wine by joining the Communist Party. All of us, Dr. Schlesinger?

Dr. Schlesinger is guilty, it seems to me, of lumping us all into a mold he has created to fit his thesis. It just doesn't happen to be true. He finds himself in a sorry company of Fascists, crackpots, and subversives who have made the same attack, in an



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effort to shut up a number of men and women who are as zealous in their love for democracy and a decent world as any other given number of American citizens.

I do not know any member of the Screen Writers Guild who is trying to find a wandering monk in order to buy remission of his sins. I suggest that Dr. Schlesinger might profitably start looking for one.

LEONARD SPIGELGASS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Schlesinger replies:

Mr. Spigelgass, I believe, is getting unnecessarily excited. (In order to maintain the level of discussion set by my correspondent, I should perhaps call him Dr. Spigelgass, since he keeps referring to me ominously as "Dr." Schlesinger—a title to which, alas, I can lay no claim.) If Dr. Spigelgass interprets my passage on the subject as referring to *all* Hollywood writers, he would be perfectly correct in his attack. But no such implication was intended. Most Hollywood writers are, of course, decent, hard-working men like most people in any trade (including even maybe university teaching). And I am sure that Dr. Spigelgass would not deny the accuracy of the comments in relation to *some* Hollywood writers. If he does, may I refer him to Dr. Leo Rosten (with whom Dr. Spigelgass has collaborated on occasion) or to Dr. Kenneth MacGowan, either of whom can supply ample documentations.

As for the charge that "what Dr. Schlesinger refers to as Communism, he may well mean to be Liberalism," I can only regard this as proceeding from the sheerest ignorance or malice. Mr. Spigelgass suggests that Hollywood's "tremendous and passionate support" for such organizations as Americans for Democratic Action is the kind of thing which leads Fascist beasts like "Dr." Schlesinger to hint that there are Communists in Hollywood. By a coincidence, I was one of the original members of ADA; and in February, 1947, I went to Hollywood to help organize a Hollywood chapter. I went to meetings at the houses of people like Melvin Douglas and Art Arthur, and I talked to a good many genuine, non-Communist Hollywood liberals. I do not recall, however, ever having encountered Dr. Spigelgass. The Screen Writes Guild has been such a valuable influence in opposing both reaction and Communism that I am sorry to see a diatribe like this emanating from it.

Fireside Chatter

SIR: We've had heated words at our house ever since my wife discovered: (1) that wood for the fireplace cost twenty dollars a cord, and (2) that my daily copies of *The Congressional Record* had grown into huge stacks occupying virtually every space that she wished to clutter up with her own trivia.

The solution for the first problem was found in the second, for it took only a few minutes to learn that *The Record,* rolled tight and bound with a thin strand of wire, made a splendid fire-log slightly more than eleven inches long, with the thickness determined by the verbosity of the Congress on that particular day.

The fire from my home-made fuel seemed at first to be just like any other, but after watching it for a half hour I began to realize that it wasn't.

Wood and paper usually have definite, unchanging qualities when you put them in a fireplace and touch a match to them. Paper, for instance, normally goes up in a puff, and within a few seconds its charred remnants curl up like dandelion greens in hot bacon grease.

Congressional Record logs have no such simple characteristics. One may burn for a few minutes with the high, yellow flame of pine and then die down to the steady glow of oak, only to flare, seconds later, into lashing forks of lurid green, red, or purple. These may be succeeded by languid streamers of delicate blue or orchid.

The pastel shades were the ones which led me to wonder whether the contents of *The Record* had anything to do with the sudden changes in the mood of the fire. Pulling the "log" from the fireplace I beat out the blaze, and there was my answer: On the unburned half of the page that had sent up the delightful tints was the last part of a speech by California's Helen Gahagan Douglas.

After a few weeks of concentrated study at the hearthside I could distinguish both the speaker and his subject. A series of long hisses, with puffs of black smoke curling around the tips of the flames, proved to be Mississippi's Rep. John E. Rankin, talking about the FEPC. A long, deep roar, not unlike a strong wind blowing down the chimney, easily was translated into a denunciation of Rhodes Scholars, by Rep. Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan.

The magentas and lemon-yellows generated by Rep. John W. Flanagan, Jr., were a delight to both eye and ear. Dancing from one end of the "log" to the other, the flames sang in classic tones, with an occasional "phttt" lending modernistic dissonance as the gentleman from Virginia told, in his own inimitable style, a tale from the Bible. His speech, as it came over my andirons, was designed to reproach the "Wonder Boys of Washington" for trying to make over the world by themselves. It came fairly early in my studies of the flaming word so I didn't get it all verbatim, but the gist of it was that Joshua was successful because the Lord was on his side, and Rep. Flanagan didn't think the "Wonder Boys of Washington" had close enough contact with the Lord to cause Him to harken to their voices.

There are only a half dozen of these silver-tongued speakers left in Congress, and we have come to know them as the Sextette from Florid Oratory.

As I developed my ability to decipher the fiery phrases I got so that I could tell my family and friends what the speaker was saying, almost from the first crackle. Sometimes I could tell by merely glancing at the color of the blaze. My proudest moment came when I walked into the room just as the flames hit the end of a page. The tongues of fire ate into the announcement of the Speaker, and I quoted along with them:

"The time of the gentleman has expired."

Since then I never have bothered to read *The Record* before burning it. I just sit and listen to it.

JACK DEVINE.

Milford, Conn.

Favors Rootless Society

SIR: In reading Wyndham Lewis's article "The Case Against Roots [*SRL* May 21] I was reminded of the words

Haymaking

By May Swenson

THE sagging hayricks
file into the lane
The horses' chests
are wading toward home
and evening

Today they gathered summer
to the barns
The lean-hipped men
lurched down aisles of stubble
mowed and pitched whole yellow
acres
the sun astride their necks
all day

Now they rock
in tousled cradles
Sweat-dark reins
lace idle fingers
Now they taste evening
on the tongue
Evening smooths their eyelids

By forkfulls they gathered summer
in
to heap in the cool barns

Snug against the rafters
piled the yellow stuff of summer
against the crisp walls
pressed the sweet grasses
bedded down the loft
with a shaggy mattress
lined the shady stalls
where butterflies
drift through the knotholes

So when winter whistles in the bee
and frets the willow
of her last ragged leaf
when snow leans in the doorsill
within the old barn
at the steaming crib
the white cow will munch on summer

With brown bemused stare
pools and pasture shade
juicy banks of green
rising at her knees she'll conjure
and absently will wag an ear
at droning memory's fly.

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of Epictetus who lived about 60-120 A.D. "Shall we not now at last wean ourselves, and remember what we heard from the philosophers? If, indeed, we did not listen to them as a wizard's incantation. For they said that the universe is one Polity, and one is the substance out of which it is made, and there must, of necessity, be a certain cycle, and some things must give place to others, some dissolving away, and others coming into being, some abiding in one place, and others being in motion. But all things are full of love, first of the Gods, then of men, that are by nature made to have affection towards each other; and it must needs be that some dwell with each other, and some are separated, rejoicing in those who are with them and not distressed for those who go away. And man, they said, is magnanimous by nature, and contemneth all things beyond the Will; and hath also this quality, *not to be rooted to one spot, nor grown into the earth, but able to go from place to place,* sometimes urged by divers needs, sometimes for the sake of what he shall see."

I was greatly inspired by Mr. Lewis's article for it seemed to be like a signpost to the future, wherein man's mind breaks down the countless barriers he has raised against his fellow man, the fears, superstitions, and prejudices of his primitive and barbaric past which he has dragged down the centuries with him. We do not necessarily have to move about the face of the earth like wandering and restless spirits. No, but even if we never move physically from one spot all of our lives, we must move the frontiers of our minds outward, break down the fences, pull up the cloying roots of suspicion and distrust, and look our fellow man in the face and grow to know him. I commend Mr. Lewis and all like him who point the way to a free and rootless world!

ADELE FORT GHISALBERT.

Orlando, Fla.

Sequel to a Sequel

SIR: My publisher has sent me your review of "O Shepherd, Speak!" [*SRL* July 30]. My best thanks to Mr. Edmund Fuller. His last sentence gives me a charming idea. I think I'll write a sequel called "President Lanny Budd." What do you think?

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Monrovia, Calif.

Science. *Although business has always been the foundation upon which American life rested, during the past century at least science has been the lodestar of its aspirations. One reason for this may be that—as we observed in reviewing the year's output of books on business last January—most works on economic subjects are execrably written, while popular books on science are usually lucid and accurate and sometimes even filled with human interest. Two books reviewed below, Donald H. Menzel's "Our Sun" and Marguerite Clark's "Medicine on the March: A Progress Report," are excellent examples of the latter. If these two volumes are fair samples, fine works on science may come from the pen either of professional scientists (as in the case of Dr. Menzel) or of journalists who have been soundly trained in science* (viz., *Mrs. Clark*).

A Vast Broadcasting Station

OUR SUN. By Donald H. Menzel. New York: Doubleday & Co. 326 pp. $4.50.

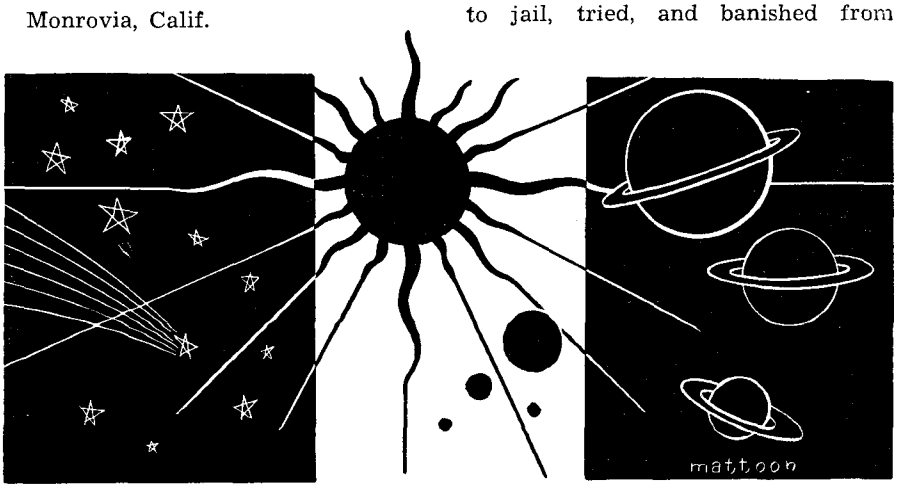
By JOHN PFEIFFER

RESEARCH would be a good deal less mysterious if all scientists were as interested in popularizing their work as the astronomers—and as skilful at the task. Jeans, Eddington, and many others set high standards in writing about stars and nebulae. The Harvard College Observatory has maintained the tradition in seven books published during the last ten years or so, under the direction of Drs. Harlow Shapley and Bart J. Bok. The latest book in the series is "Our Sun," by Donald H. Menzel, solar specialist of the Observatory staff.

According to Dr. Menzel, studying the sun was once a dangerous occupation. More than 2,300 years ago the Greek scientists, Anaxagoras, did some original solar research. He announced that the sun was a huge flaming stone, a conclusion that was at direct odds with the priests of Apollo, and was promptly thrown into jail, tried, and banished from Athens as a heretic. Sunspots were also subversive. Aristotle had described the sun as a supernatural sphere of "pure fire" and blemishes on its surface were unthinkable. When Galileo built his telescope in the seventeenth century, many people refused to look through it for fear of seeing the spots and being punished by religious authorities whose dogmas were based on Aristotelian philosophy.

Although studying the sun is no longer a crime, Dr. Menzel points out that publishing all the results may be, particularly in wartime. One afternoon during World War II, British radar signals were suddenly blotted out, and some new form of Nazi "jamming" technique was suspected. But the real culprit turned out to be the setting sun. Studies revealed that celestial static is broadcast from limited areas of the sun's surface, perhaps as a by-product of sunspot activity. This was the first evidence that the sun is a vast broadcasting station emitting high-frequency radio waves as well as ultraviolet, infra-red, and visible light rays.

What produces the sun's radio waves? In providing a tentative answer to this question, Dr. Menzel demonstrates one of the great advantages in having scientists themselves popularize the field of research in which they are working. Nonscientists often have a difficult time presenting the idea of a scientific "explanation." An hypothesis is not something intended to last forever; it is never the final word. Scientists develop hypotheses as suggestions for further study. They expect that their views will be continuingly modified and ultimately discarded because of the accumulation of new facts. In other words, scientific knowledge advances by the progressive disproof of theory after theory.



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The author has suggested that solar radio beams may be the result of electrons circling in the magnetic fields near sunspots and forming natural "wireless" loop antennas. In presenting this notion, however, he emphasizes that it accounts for many —but not all—of the facts.

The very notion of theories, which assume order in the universe, probably comes from primitive man's recognition of the regular comings and goings of the sun. The prediction of eclipses is a classical example of precision in science, and Dr. Menzel does the subject justice in one of his final chapters. About a decade beforehand, astronomers can forecast the times of solar blackouts to an accuracy of a second or two, and the exact path of their shadows on earth within 1,000 feet.

The author also describes the nuclear furnaces that supply the sun's heat, the great cyclones that sweep across its turbulent surface, the mystery of the corona, and many other phases of solar activity. He points out how the sun influences weather on earth, while at the same time debunking the claims of the astrologers and pseudo-economists who connect human destiny and stock-market antics with sunspot cycles. Although "Our Sun" is intended primarily for students, Dr. Menzel has recognized that the gap between good teaching and good popularizing is an artificial one. That is, he has written an instructive and thoroughly enjoyable book.

How Science Is Routing Disease

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH. A Progress Report. By Marguerite Clark. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 308 pp. $3.50.

By Waldemar Kaempffert

MRS. CLARK, who is the medical editor of *Newsweek*, surveys the progress made in the medical sciences during and since the recent war, a matter of about five years. She justly points out that in this brief span more progress was made in the prevention and treatment of disease and in rehabilitation than in the preceding quarter of a century. It must be also pointed that during these eventful five years we drew heavily on unapplied knowledge accumulated in preceding decades and that when the war ended we were scraping the bottom of the barrel. In war time is always telescoped, so far as science is concerned. Many a medical textbook has had to be rewritten in the light of the astounding strides made in medicine during the war.

Mrs. Clark is primarily a reporter, and a good one. In fact her judgment on what should be reviewed in a paper like *Newsweek* and hence in this book is at least as good as that of many a medico. She proclaims no "cures" where there are only alleviations. She does not gasp in astonishment at what has been accomplished by organized effort at a certain critical time.

The territory over which Mrs. Clark ranges is enormous. High blood pressure, heart disease, cancer, tuberculosis, mental ills, war medicine, allergies, poliomyelitis, alcoholism, epilepsy, some of the newer drugs, the medical problems of old age are all covered in the sense that recent progress in these fields is discussed. Mrs. Clark is right up to date, so that she even has something on the recently announced Huggins test for cancer. Indeed, her chapter on cancer is an excellent review of what has been accomplished in recent years in the treatment of the most dreadful disease.

There are still some dark spots in medicine. Psychiatry is still backward despite the methods developed during the war for the treatment of combat fatigue. Infantile paralysis still claims its small annual toll for lack of a trustworthy vaccine. Arthritis, which Mrs. Clark does not discuss as a separate subject though she does refer to it here and there, is still one of the major disgraces of medicine.

To the general reader who wants to know what medical research has accomplished of recent years Mrs. Clark's book should be satisfying. No attempt is made to picture and interpret trends. Mrs. Clark contents herself with presenting popularized summaries of medical opinion. In fact she is about as conservative as the medical profession itself.

Your Literary I. Q.

WHO WROTE WHAT?

By Howard Collins

Priscilla Chaloner, of Nashua, N. H., offers a list of titles containing numbers and invites you to match them up with the authors on the left. Allowing five points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 41.

1. Ten Days That Shook the World	( ) T. S. Arthur
2. Ten Nights in a Bar Room	( ) Arnold Bennett
3. The Nine Tailors	( ) Robert Burns
4. Eight O'Clock	( ) Anton Chekhov
5. The Seven Storey Mountain	( ) Agatha Christie
6. The Seven Seas	( ) Joseph Conrad
7. We Are Seven	( ) Conan Doyle
8. Now We Are Six	( ) John Gould
9. A Set of Six	( ) A. E. Housman
10. Five Pretty Little Fables	( ) Stuart B. Jackman
11. Anna of the Five Towns	( ) Rudyard Kipling
12. Four Winds	( ) Thomas Merton
13. The Sign of the Four	( ) A. A. Milne
14. Three Seasons	( ) Thomas N. Page
15. The Three Sisters	( ) Edgar Allan Poe
16. Portrait in Two Colors	( ) John Reed
17. Two Little Confederates	( ) Christina Rossetti
18. The Two Dogs	( ) William Saroyan
19. And One to Grow On	( ) Dorothy Sayers
20. To One in Paradise	( ) Sara Teasdale
21. And Then There Were None	( ) William Wordsworth

Screwball Inventions

PATENT APPLIED FOR: A Century of Fantastic Inventions, by Fred Coppersmith and J. J. Lynx. Technicosmos Co. $3. Skates equipped with headlights, a chair that rocks the baby and churns the butter, a dog-power sewing machine, a bicycle that runs along telegraph wires, a singing lamp—these are some of the devices to the evolution of which the human brain has misapplied itself over the years. Seventy-odd of these contraptions, all of them very odd indeed, are pictured in this slender compilation. The illustrations are accompanied by informal text which makes it plain that the screwball school of invention is international in scope, with Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans all well represented. The effect is both hilarious and saddening—a fantastic and pathetic commentary on that supreme gadget, the mind of man.

—John T. Winterich.

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Poetry. *With an eye on the controversy that came to a head in Robert Hillyer's article "Poetry's New Priesthood" [SRL June 18], Martha Bacon writes: "It is good in these times when there seems to be some uncertainty concerning the purpose and validity of poetry, to be reminded of our betters." The occasion for the remark is a verse in "By Avon River," a new volume by the American expatriate Hilda Doolittle, who signs her work "H. D." William Carlos Williams, a member of the school of poets which roused Hillyer's rage, is represented by a new volume of "Selected Poems" reviewed below. . . On page 17 we observe that the 150th anniversary of Pushkin's birth is going uncelebrated in this country. There are, however, representative samples of his work in the excellently translated "Treasury of Russian Verse" reviewed here.*

A Burly Fact of Nature

SELECTED POEMS. By William Carlos Williams. New York: New Directions. 140 *pp.* $1.50.

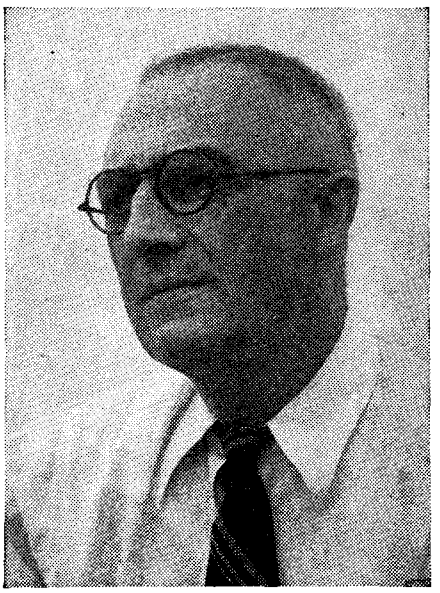
By James R. Caldwell

THESE selected poems are thoroughly representative of thirty-odd years of Dr. Williams's work. The pleasantly absurd "Danse Russe" and the unforgettable "Tract," both from the 1917 volume are here, and at the latter end are samples from "Paterson," which is still in process.

To review them is like reviewing a hubbard squash or a cataract. One feels confronted with not a malleable critical problem but a burly fact of nature. One wonders where to take hold of this energetic phenomenon, these spontaneous combustions, and whether anything can or should be done about them. Perhaps one remembers also, and not much to his ease, the lines from "The Visit":

> Say I am less an artist
> than a spadeworker but one
> who has no aversion to taking
> his spade to the head
> of any who would derogate
> his performance in the craft.

With no lust to be knocked about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and none certainly to derogate, I must say the statement in the first two lines above, however jocosely Dr. Williams may have intended it, comes to me as a fairly important one. His tough implement does, indeed, cut constantly and perplexingly at the borders that divide personality and poetry, the event and art. Diggings in this area are, of course, the history of poetry and reproof of them often serves merely to expose the preconceptions of the reprover. Still we should note what is going on, even at the risk of obviousness.



—*Storey.*

William Carlos Williams—"Have we here poems or merely a poet?"

Williams has most eminently the gift which Virginia Woolf remarked in George Moore, for "distilling the volatile and capricious essence of himself." And he decants onto the page with a fine splash. By virtue of the same gift and purpose, he manages the subtlest interanimations of concept and image, illumines the inward constellations of thought with the sharp forms of things in a daring heat of mind. Take "Great Mullen": what a bold con-fusion (I intend the word in its original and non pejorative sense) of weed, jealousy, djer kiss, cow dung, vegetable tensions—and of course Williams, much Williams.

The question is, here and elsewhere, whether too much. Have we here poems, or merely a poet? A personality "Good-hearted, open and generous" and every way admirable as per Randall Jarrell's list of virtues in the introduction, and yet a personality; which is not the same as poems.

He has also a faith (a romantic faith, I suppose) that poetry lurks ready made, or almost ready made, in actual experience. Literal report, with a minimum of handling, seems often to satisfy him and indeed it is often very satisfying report as "This Is Just to Say."

> I have eaten
> the plums
> that were in
> the icebox
> and which
> you were probably
> saving
> for breakfast
>
> Forgive me
> they were delicious
> so sweet
> and so cold

One wonders to what process of translation the event (*i.e.*, the actual note-writing) was subjected. Possibly none at all. These words might very well have been actually jotted in apology for nocturnal pilfering, and not discovered to be poetry until next morning.

If so what difference? We are raising of course the problem of form, that factor which abstracts personality and converts events to art. Granted the snideness of raising the problem where the personality is wholly engaging and the events discovered with such sterling joy, granting also the unfairness of falling upon a charming trifle, the principle of form is still primary. And it is obscure in a great deal of Dr. Williams's poetry.

Obviously I am not talking about externals—and I say "obscure" deliberately. The experience is intense, not merely good-hearted but *whole-hearted.* It may well be we that dream. At any rate, we are learning too much recently of the unsuspected forms latent in whole-hearted experience. They do not always reveal themselves to the poet's generation or even self. Meanwhile, Dr. Williams is excellent reading.

James R. Caldwell is a member of the Department of English at the University of California.

Happiness Is Copper

By Fern Maddox

COURAGE is gold;
Love is silver;
Adoration is turquoise;
Happiness is copper.

I wear them all: only
Copper turns upon me.

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"Englished" Poetry

A TREASURY OF RUSSIAN VERSE. Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. New York: The Macmillan Co. 314 pp. $5.

By Bernard Guilbert Guerney

ONE of the peculiarities of the literate Russians is that they have always regarded translation as a fine art, as an honorable branch of creative writing. Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Turgenev did not disdain translating prose, while Russian poets (even before Pushkin) have had both the will (coupled with a sense of duty) and the skill to transmute world-poetry into Russian. And all this without conveying the impression of a Jove philandering with a barmaid. Consequently the Russian is enviably given a wide and rich choice of competent and often superb versions of any non-Russian prosateur or poet. Russian poetry in English, however, has met with treatment more lamentable than even that dealt out to Russian prose. Attempts at Englishing Russian poetry have previously been little more than fragmentary and in unbelievably priggish British. All those inspired poets with whom (in the Gogolian phrase) God has rewarded His Russia have hitherto, in so far as English ears are concerned, sung practically in vain.

"A Treasury of Russian Verse" has had, to the best of the reviewer's present knowledge, only one worthy predecessor: "Russian Poetry: An Anthology," brought out here nearly thirty years ago—and that anthology was likewise the work of Dr. Yarmolinsky. The "Treasury" is, however, a new book, and contains ever so many more poets and poems. Whatever inclusions have been borrowed from the previous volume are for the most part presented in revised or entirely new versions. The range is from Gabriel Derzhavin (1743-1816), Poet of Grandeur and as fantastic a figure as Villon, to Nicholas Lvov, a newcomer whose poem is dated 1947 (approximately one-third of the book is devoted to post-Revolutionary verse). Pushkin is, not unnaturally, the poet most amply represented ("The Golden Cockerel," the pseudo-folktale the germ of which he siphoned from our own Washington Irving, is given in full) and, although short lyrics rightly predominate, there are a number of long pieces: Block's famous and most significant "The 12," for instance, is offered in its entirety. The arrangement (very sensibly and admirably) is roughly chronological and, in so far as it is feasible, the different schools are kept together; the aim is to represent not only the poets but their periods. And, besides the publicized (and therefore faintly familiar) names of Ahmatova, Bunin, Ehrenburg, Mayakovski, Pasternak, the fortunate reader will find many others, classic as well as modern, which ought to be better known in English. The only puzzling inclusion is that of Simonov—as puzzling as would be that of Eddie Guest or Nick Kenny in a Russian anthology of

American poets. The space wasted upon this ubiquitous fourth-rater could have been so much more satisfyingly given over to something of Yessenin's—"The Drove of Horses," perhaps—or (since documentary values were not left out of consideration) to Krylov's "The Swan, the Pike, and the Crab," an old fable yet one which will have a startlingly fresh application as long as international political shenanigans go on.

There is a lucidly interpretive and appreciative introduction, and the biographical notes are decidedly helpful and exceptionally readable. The expertness of the editing is matched by the high quality of the translations (a hen's-teeth rarity in verse), on occasion achieving transmutation, for the most part the work of Babette Deutsch, who is a poet in her own right. Even those done by British hands (happily very few) are not too jarring.

It is unbelievably fortunate that the only available book of Russian poetry in English should also be of such excellence, whether for the literary student or the general reader. It is a unique approach to the spirit (as well as the body) of Russian poetry, and a better is hardly likely to appear in the predictable future.

Bernard Guilbert Guerney is the editor-translator of "A Treasury of Russian Literature," "The Viking Portable Russian Reader," etc.

Candor & Grace

DIALOGUE WITH AN ANGEL. By Sister Mary Jeremy, O. P. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 47 pp. $2.

By A. M. Sullivan

AMONG the distinctive marks of a good lyric are tension of rhetoric, musical identity, the single, sustained flight, and the half-heard overtones which flow on like the ripples of a pond where a stone is dropped. In the majority of the poems in this book, Sister Mary Jeremy makes her lyrics meet the test. Raymond E. F. Larsson in his introduction speaks of the poet's "fastidious talent." The friend at court does not overpraise, because there is evidence of verbal and emotional discipline in every poem. At times this severity is almost a fault, and the occasional line seems too taut. Sister Mary Jeremy makes no concessions to the lazy mind. There is always a marginal or interlinear inference that invites contemplation. She achieves a high level of poetic diction without the use of mannerisms or verbal gymnastics. The rigor, candor, and grace of her lines are indicated in "Epilogue," which deals with an old anxiety of the human race. The poem concludes:

Wherefore the dark that finds this place
Will never make it solitude:
Unquiet thought will leave its trace—
The air is troubled where we stood.

She makes the natural event the servant of her metaphysical enterprise. In considering the dimensional prison of earth surrounding the living, and the slow measure of the pulse against the clock, she addresses God:

Your look can so transfix the trudging heart
That all her timing blood forgets the way.
Must she unlearn you now? If you depart,
Resume so dispossessed this ticking world?
Remembrance is no answer. You must stay.

The word *trudging* is most effective in evoking sympathy for man in his pilgrimage, and her use of symbol and epithet generally are most happy.

There are a few technical faults in the book. Sister Jeremy has repetitious pet words such as "fainting" and "remembered," but they are the minor blemishes of a fine book. There is a single narrative poem, "The Ballad of the Three Kings," in which Sister Mary Jeremy's research into medieval literature enriches her language, and the ancient story is woven in the manner of an old Flemish tapestry.

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Elizabethan Contemplation

BY AVON RIVER. By H. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 98 pp. $2.

By Martha Bacon

IT IS as difficult to define this beautiful little book as it is to give any real impression of its charm in the limited space of a review. I should say that it is best described as a sort of Elizabethan contemplation in verse and prose. "By Avon River" consists of three poems contained under the title of "Good Friend," and of a long essay, "The Guest." The poems, called severally "The Tempest," "Rosemary," and "Claribel's Way to God," constitute one opus, to borrow a phrase from the musicians, and are developments of a number of Shakespearean themes, but all relate finally to the person of Claribel, the king's fair daughter, sister to Ferdinand, she who was married to the lord of Tunis. H. D. gives this ghostly lady the form and substance that she might have had as a member of the dramatis personae. Her method of doing so is all her own. She had ever a way with a poem.

I only threw a shadow
On his page.
Yet I was his,
He spoke my name;

It is enough,
I live forever,
He called me fair
In one short line.

I stand invisible upon the water
stair,
Nor envy Egypt
Drifting through the lilies;

It is good in these times when there seems to be some uncertainty concerning the purpose and the validity of poetry, to be reminded of our betters. In "The Guest" H. D. takes us on an imaginary excursion through the great age of English verse from the reign of Henry VIII until that of Charles I. What a list it is! Here are the great and the near-great and none were less than this; Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Henry Wotton, Francis Beaumont, Phineas Fletcher, John Donne, Robert Herrick, Michael Drayton, Ben Jonson, Robert Southwell, who suffered the barbarous penalty awarded to traitors in those days, and who wrote "The Burning Babe"; and John Lyly, whose "'jug jug jug jug, tereu' she cries" seems to have given rise to a popular misconception concerning T. S. Eliot. The roster is dazzling without mentioning the titans, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Spenser. "The Guest" is a profound and dramatic discussion of the cause and essence of great poetry. H. D. poses some important and exciting questions. What does English verse owe to the Reformation? Did the loss of the Roman Church, the sacrifice of the pageantry and ritual and tragic splendors of the mass contribute to the creation of a new art form? And what of Eleanor of Aquitaine and her school of love? And Simon de Montfort and the destruction of the church of Provence? All these questions are touched upon and H. D. concludes by searching out the mind of Shakespeare himself, dying, and the poetic vision is crystallized for us in a wonderfully eloquent series of images.

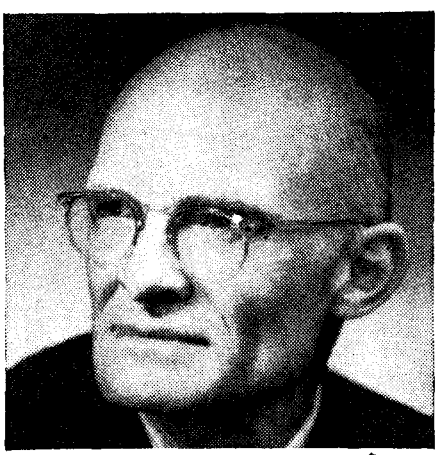
Time and language are your only literary critics and they will weigh the gifts of H. D. as they have those of Drummond of Hawthornden and of Robert Southwell; but it seems clear that nobody writing at the moment makes a more sensitive use of the image or can convey an idea by means of a symbol more deftly. As a piece of imaginative scholarship this book will be a delight to all those who care for the poetry which we have inherited and which we long to perpetuate.

Tradition Plus Magic

THE WIND OF TIME. By Rolfe Humphries. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 49 pp. $2.50.

By Robert Gorham Davis

THE twenty-eight lyrics in this volume give very pure pleasure. Humphries writes with the clarity, ease, and conversational wit, the felicities of rhyme and pattern, of the best society verse. But he learned his formal excellences as a Latinist and translator of poets like Lorca, Rilke, and Heredia. There is a sense of clear depth beneath the melodic surface made by the hypnotic movements of "wind and waterweed and wave." "After the Ice-Storm," for instance, can be used as a metaphor for his work generally. "Through glass, green, through emerald translucence" he saw, far below, the natural life of fishes, "darting bright, / flashes of fire, whose element was water,/ Almost too swift for sight." And still further below, the supernatural life of "a goddess,/ Most grave, most noble, dweller in the seas,/ Majestic in her robes of marble, holding/ A zither on her knees."



Rolfe Humphries—"a sense of clear depth beneath the melodic surface."

The goddess is not merely classical decoration. Like the unicorn in "The Discovery," the goddess symbolizes a sense of wonder, of ecstacy, of the numinous, that inspirits the natural world for the one who is able to perceive it truly. Noble and austere, the unicorn "took their stare, their curious gaze, and morning/ Ran through their veins like cooler fire, like air/ All green with earliness." The poems treat of time, art, nature, the passing of the seasons, the approach of death, the remoteness of the stars, the separateness of selves, all the traditional themes (romantic love excepted) celebrated in traditional forms, but always with a little magic mixed in. Sometimes this magic is consciously folkish and Welsh, in poems like "The Cynneddf" and "Variation on a Theme by F. Kilvert," and associates Humphries in a remote transatlantic way with Dylan Thomas and Vernon Watkins.

But as compared to their greater obscurity and intensity and brilliance, Humphries's magic is dominated by his classical joy in clarity and control. In "The Deliverance," for instance, the crushing of vervain, the gathering in the night of St. John's Wort, and All-Heal, the reaching "in a brook till thumb and fingers feel/ A pair of perfect pebbles, round and white," all comes early in a sequence of nine fulfillments. The moral struggle to determine one's own destiny through courage and wisdom is much higher on the way to a final music of life which makes "all reality more bright, more clean,/ Than ever it was, or could have been, before." And likewise in the amusing poem on Bishop Berkeley, the imaginative identification is with the actual physical universe as it really is, a universe, however, supported by "One, a grace, a consciousness,/ The seer, unseen, who comprehends, completely,/ Who says, forever, *Yes*."

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 13*)

ordinate to the author's comment, and the characters are steadily, if not always gainfully, employed by his theme. It has the kind of structure which seems to be appearing with increasing frequency these days, the kind which at its best is streamlined, and at its worst is synthetic: the adult hero (or heroine) is introduced, with a minimum of background or explanation, and an impending crisis is suggested; the reader is then brought up to date by a series of flashbacks, the crisis or predicament or catastrophe is effected, and the hero responds either traumatically, courageously, or cynically, according to his lights. "The Sure Thing" adheres to this structure, not to say formula, and, no matter what you may have thought of his first novel, it is a better book than "That Winter," both in style and in maturity.

Brad Douglas, Mr. Miller's hero, is a young man in his early thirties who lives in Washington and works very hard and conscientiously at his job as an economist in the State Department. He is happily married to a young, pretty, second wife and he has a small son by his first wife, who is Jewish. He has, of course, been meticulously investigated and cleared. He knows that the State Department and the FBI know pretty much all there is to know about him; more, very likely, than his closest friend. He knows that they know that he was active in the Student Union in college, that he had picketed in one of those exuberant student protests against discrimination, that they probably know that he, along with most of his friends, had been pro-Loyalist during the Civil War in Spain. He knows that his superior in the State Department, a wise, tolerant, idealistic New England aristocrat, is fond of him and trusts him utterly. Although it probably hasn't occurred to him to think of himself in those terms, Brad Douglas is a young man with an agreeable future.

One morning, on his way to his office, he notices the young man on the streetcar; the same, quietly dressed, inconspicuous young man who always seemed to be riding downtown on that car when Brad got on. Thirty-six hours after that it was all over. It took thirty-six hours for a publicity-happy Congressman and a couple of cynical politicians and a colleague or two of Brad's who didn't like him anyway to unearth something about him which was just what they needed to fix him, to make it a sure thing, one thing which fitted in neatly with the Student Union, and the student picketing, and the Jewish first wife, and the friends who were pro-Loyalist, especially the one who had gone to Spain and fought against Franco, the thing which made the picture complete. There was even a copy of *The New Republic* in Brad's apartment when the quiet, inconspicuous FBI men made one of their several calls.

"The Sure Thing" is an honest, angry book, a cautionary tale which scarcely could have been published at a better time. It is bound to stir up controversy, and that will be a good thing; it may, I hope, call attention to the prevalence of witch-hunters, and that will be a good thing, too.

Goodness vs. Warts

JOEY. By David Lord. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 313 pp. $3.

By Robert Mende

IF an author looks for the motivations of his characters, he will perceive them with a greater depth. If he doesn't, he will write a book like "Joey" by David Lord. Here we find a whole handful of half-people. There are characters like the following:

Molly, whom the hero, Joey, grows up with, loves and weds. Throughout the novel, Molly has no face, no form. The author reduces her characteristics to two: goodness and a soap odor.

Rosie Kantor becomes a loose woman. Reason: warts in early youth.

Jake Samson, American born, an athlete and a scholar, becomes a rabbi. Reason: no reason.

Joey wants to become a writer. This is one of the most important drives in the entire book. It causes family fights and indirectly influences his enlistment in the Royal Canadian Air Force. But the author omits one small detail: we never know why Joey wants to be a writer.

Because the author doesn't show us what moves his characters, what makes them want the things they want, grow the way they grow, we can't identify ourselves with them. This dilutes the drama. An example of this is an incident in Joey's childhood. It is, potentially, a very powerful moment. Little Joey spits on the Torah. However, in order to experience the impact of this act emotionally, the author must look for and establish certain relationships that exist between the Torah and the characters in his novel. He never does. If you're of Jewish faith or intimately familiar with Jewish traditions, you bring the drama to the book. But in "Joey" you get no drama unless you bring your own.

Mr. Lord displays a fine talent for detail. He sees small movements and inanimate objects like the play of fingers on a splinter of wood in a park bench and the cracked veins in dry leaf. But the author has to utilize his talent to a greater degree. He must integrate these details into his story to convey atmosphere and characterization, so the details become more than good eye calisthenics.

A great novel is more than a play of people. It gives insight into an era and the various phenomena that characterize the era. Now Mr. Lord had an opportunity to give us a few insights into an American phenomenon —the twentieth-century migration to California. The people he has chosen to write about are Easterners that have moved to Los Angeles. One of the main characters in the novel is Joey's father, Sam Levine, a barber. Why does he come to California?

Mr. Lord simply says, a young country. But "a young country" must have a special meaning to Joey's father, his mother, and grandmother, who accompany Mr. Levine 3,000 miles to a new and strange community where they have no friends and acquaintances. They bring with them a load of dreams and expectations that they hope California will fulfill. These dreams and expectations not only give insight into a certain phase of an era, but they're essential in revealing character.

Mr. Lord's oversimplification and surface approach are followed throughout the novel. The people the author has chosen to write about have dignity and depth. They deserve a more thorough exploration and not just an eye massage.

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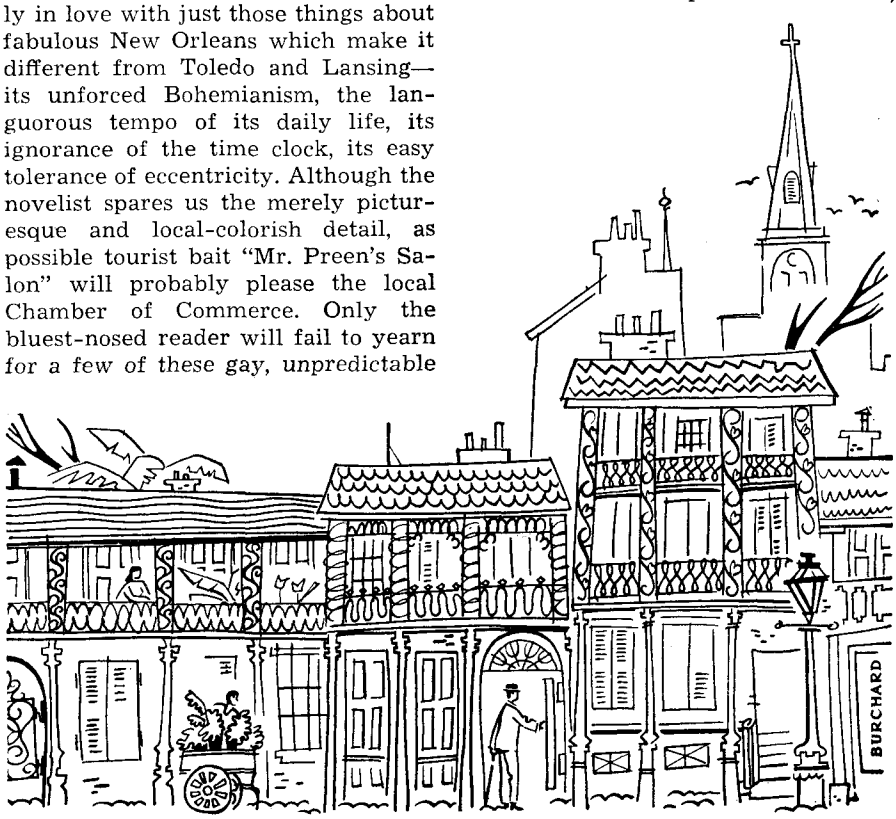
An Alcoholic Conversation Piece

MR. PREEN'S SALON. By Robert Tallant. New York: Doubleday & Co. 271 pp. $3.

By Richard A. Cordell

THIS young New Orleans author is proving that he is prolific as well as talented as he now produces his fifth book since 1946, all of them about his native city. Could he have wrung out five books about Toledo or Lansing? It is doubtful. He is obviously in love with just those things about fabulous New Orleans which make it different from Toledo and Lansing—its unforced Bohemianism, the languorous tempo of its daily life, its ignorance of the time clock, its easy tolerance of eccentricity. Although the novelist spares us the merely picturesque and local-colorish detail, as possible tourist bait "Mr. Preen's Salon" will probably please the local Chamber of Commerce. Only the bluest-nosed reader will fail to yearn for a few of these gay, unpredictable parties in Mr. Preen's quaint, balconied apartment house in the French Quarter.



—From the jacket of "Mr. Preen's Salon."

But, except for the professional party-goers in Santa Fe and New Orleans, a very few of these parties would suffice. One suspects that Mr. Tallant's parties are more attractive to read about than to attend. As in his "Mrs. Candy's Saturday Night" (which is in reality an account of one big Saturday night party) the drunks in his new novel are charming, witty, and delightful, as they so often prove not to be in real life. Alcohol does not thicken their tongues, it sharpens them; it does not dull their wits, it polishes them. The endless succession of bourbon routs threatens to become weary, but the moderate length of the book saves the reader from a sort of chimerical hangover.

At first glance the novel seems to be a 1949 version of "The Sun Also Rises," but it lacks the negative significance of Hemingway's famous era-piece. The disenchanted young men and women of that post-World War I opus weep into their beer and cocktails all over France and Spain, weighed down with *weltschmerz* and self-pity. In the very sterility of this early portrait of the Lost Generation lies whatever import the novel has. Tallant's tosspots, on the other hand, thrive on their hopes and illusions; compared with Hemingway's futilitarians they are artless and—except for their delightful if somewhat incredible wit—a bit childlike. They do not cry into their bourbon—no beer or effete cocktails for them—but drink it cheerfully and bawl for more. They toil not, neither do they spin, but engage almost continuously in their expensive hobby; one is reminded of Oscar Wilde's brilliant observation that work is the curse of the drinking classes.

Although this amusing account of an atypical group in such an atypical American city as New Orleans has no particular significance, many readers will find it entertaining page by page. The eccentric, amoral characters act in their little dramas and comment brightly and irreverently on their little but quite satisfactory world. Northern readers will be interested in the relationship between Mr. Preen and his Negro servant, Clifford.

The scanty plot is of trifling interest, but the title of the novel indicates its real nature: it is a conversation piece, more accurately, an alcoholic conversation piece. A typographical error in the final word of the title would not be a matter of great consequence.

A Pretty & A Beauty

THE RUNNING THREAD. By Drayton Mayrant. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 328 pp. $3.

By Victor P. Hass

AS a guess—though not a wild one, I submit—I would estimate that "The Running Thread" has been published no less than 200 times in America during the past decade. Of course, it has appeared under a variety of titles and by-lines but the story has varied hardly at all.

The threadbare formula runs something like this:

Take a pretty girl (preferably Irish), add a stern father, cause the girl to fall in love with a man (usually a soldier) whom her pa considers unsuitable, bundle her off to another country (America is the favorite), let her be rescued by a handsome young man already attached to a jealous beauty, let love run its rocky course, bump off the inconsiderate soldier when he shows up at long last, discard the jealous beauty by exposing her True Colors, and then tidy up the whole business with a clinch by pretty girl and handsome rescuer.

Miss Mayrant's rewrite of the Dear Old Plot is lush with magnolia blossoms, characters out of Ye Olde Time stock shows, and just no end of Southern Chivalry, suh! It's an Exciting Moment, I can tell you, when our Brave Young Hero, defending the honor of the pretty girl, tells off a celebrated duelist and scoundrel with these words: "While no 'beau sabreur,' I am a 'Bursch' of the 'Verbindung.' Knowing your reputation as a duelist, I should stipulate no masks and sharpened swords." It doesn't say here that the villain hissed when he heard those fateful words—he being a great pistol shot but a lousy swordsman—but I am sure it was merely an oversight on Miss Mayrant's part. Certainly it was a perfect spot for a hiss.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Film Do's and Don'ts

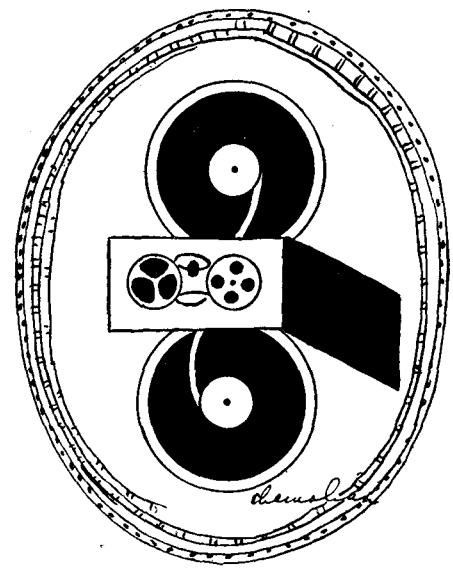
THE experiences I have had since helping to found an organization in New York called "Cinema 16" prove, it seems to me, that with ingenuity, perserverance, knowledge of films, and luck, anyone can operate a film society. A non-profit membership organization presenting unusual documentary and experimental films, Cinema 16 has acquired more than 2,000 yearly members since it was founded in 1947, making it the largest film society in the country. Started by people with enough confidence in the non-fiction film to believe that there must be a larger potential audience for them than those consisting of school children, members of women's clubs, and hospital inmates, it aims at the "glorification" of the fact film. Its programs read like a "Who's Who" of many of the best fact and avant-garde films, contemporary as well as classic, and its activities have been reported locally and nationally in major newspapers, magazines, and on the air. Members are drawn from seven states, and include teachers, artists, workers, program directors, film producers, and businessmen. Sponsors include Robert Flaherty, Richard Griffith, Paul Rotha, Jean Benoit-Levy, Dr. Siegfried Kracauer, Arthur Knight, Mary Losey, Hans Richter, John Huston, and Jean Renoir.

Activity of any kind is impossible without the committing of errors. Nevertheless, if you are determined to run a local film society—and go ahead you should—here is some information to help you avoid obvious mistakes.

It is a catastrophic fallacy to assume that running a film society involves nothing more than an idealistic concern with good films, coupled with their lackadaisical presentation to willing audiences. On the contrary, the individual brave enough to venture into this troublesome field, must be—no matter what the size of the society—an organizer, promoter, publicist and copywriter, businessman, public speaker, and artist; a conscientious, if not pedantic, person versed in mass psychology. He must have roots in his community. And he must know a good film when he sees it.

Thus you need film sources and film evaluation. The two are distinct. More often than not, you will have neither time nor money to preview films. Distributors' catalogs are not always objective guides. Many catalogs overlap, rental rates vary with various distributors. It is therefore best first to get the two basic master catalogs available: "The Educational Film Guide" (H. W. Wilson Co., 950 University Avenue, New York); and "The Blue Book of 16mm. Films" (Educational Screen, 64 East Lake Street, Chicago). Both list practically all presently available 16mm. films and their sources, from whom you may obtain further catalogs. "The Educational Film Guide" features more detailed evaluations. "The Educator's Guide to Free Films" (Educators Progress Service, Randolph, Wis.) lists a great number of free films. New York's Museum of Modern Art Circulating Film Library (11 West 53rd Street, New York) has the finest and most comprehensive collection for film societies, with use of their film restricted to bona-fide membership and non-profit organizations. Scientific films (restricted to special groups) are obtainable from the Psychological Cinema Register (Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.); experimental and avant-garde films from Cinema 16 (59 Park Avenue, New York).

For information and reviews of



Readers' Film Clubs

Recent letters to *SRL*'s Film Department indicate that an encouraging number of readers are starting their own film societies and clubs. Excerpts from these letters speak for themselves:

"We are thinking of planning a subscription series of films to be presented in our parish house next fall and winter . . ."—Rev. Clyde D. Williams, Greenfield, Mass.

"Several of my friends and I are desirous of starting a private film club, for the purpose of showing 16mm. sound movies . . ."—Bernard E. Edelstein, Boston, Mass.

"I am a subscriber to *The Saturday Review* and have become interested in 16mm. sound films through your column. A small group has been organized to view 16mm. films . . ."—Theodore L. Hazlett, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I am sponsoring a movie club in school . . ."—Benjamin W. Letson, Saugerties, New York.

"[We are] making tentative plans to start a series of documentary and non-theatrical films . . . to give the students in the University [of Kansas City] an opportunity to see the best films of the past and present . . ."—Donald W. Jennings, Kansas City Mo.

"I represent a social and educational organization (approximately 200 members) that is very interested in conducting a 16mm. film forum and discussion group . . ."—Bertram A. Yaffe, Fall River, Mass.

Charleston Film Club

Barbara Miller recently advised us of the existence of the Charleston (W. Va.) Film Club, founded last fall after encouragement from "the varied reviews and film discussions" appearing in *SRL*'s film column. The club operates on a cooperative basis, cost of each showing being shared equally by those members who attend. Features and documentaries, both foreign and domestic, have been shown thus far.

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new releases you will find it important to subscribe to leading 16mm. magazines, such as *Film World* (6047 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.); *Film News* (13 East 37th Street, New York); *Educational Screen* (64 East Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.). Get back numbers of the *Film Forum Review* (Institute of Adult Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York) which—together with the *Saturday Review of Literature*—has presented the most mature evaluations of 16mm. films. Get the EFIA evalutions, on 3 x 5 cards, by joining The Educational Film Library Association, at 1600 Broadway, New York.

DO NOT think it easy to get an audience just because you have a film that you alone know to be good; you must let your fellow man know that it is worth his while to see it. Neither must you assume that an audience of twenty is your "maximum." Publicize your shows in local newspapers by sending them announcements and news stories. Fire your local movie critic with the importance of your project. Give storekeepers a pass and they will display your window cards. Send program announcements to all organizations, schools, and clubs for display on their bulletin boards. If you show a film on Greece, for example, send special announcement and block tickets to local Greek organizations. Do the same with your parent-teacher groups when you have a film on child education. Contact your radio or TV station; they will help if you can show that you are performing a community service.

Names and addresses are your greatest asset. Get names from clubs, camera clubs, women's, parent-teacher, YMCA, and labor groups. Mail copies of your program to them. Build up your own mailing list. Never let anyone see a show without getting his name. Hand out interest blanks or offer a special incentive so you will get the names. If your budget allows it, run a neatly designed small ad in your paper with a coupon for name and address.

After you have found an audience, you must learn to hold it by proper programming. This is where you are on your own. If you haven't the "feel" for balanced programs, you will fail. The science of programming cannot be taught; it requires psychological insight into the likes of other people and continuing contact with your specific audience to permit you to correct yourself as you go along. Five excellent and serious social documentaries may produce one very bad program. You must lighten programs by humorous shorts, dance or music films, cartoons. A color short brightens any program, and if presented at the end, often provides a much-needed fillip. A variety of films is usually preferable to an entire evening of one subject. If yours is a functional program, centered around documentaries on, say, atomic energy, variety can be introduced by a cartoon ("One World or None"). Never overpower your audience with too many or too "heavy" films; moderation and variety will make them come back for more the next time.

Carelessness and amateurishness are the bane of the 16mm. industry. Portable equipment and low film rentals have enabled unqualified individuals to "slap together" a program, present it one night—thus setting back 16mm. in the particular community for another five years. It is an error to assume that a good film will "go across" no matter how it is presented. Showmanship is one of the first prerequisites of a successful film society.

Before your show, test your auditorium for acoustics, comfortable heating arrangements, proper electrical connections. Check or provide shades to keep all light from entering. If possible, use curtains or black fabric to mask off the screen to prevent the usual "naked" 16mm. screen, complete with tripod, from impressing your audience with the amateurishness of the performance. If there is no booth,

SCREEN

RICHARD WIDMARK
LINDA DARNELL
VERONICA LAKE
in
"SLATTERY'S HURRICANE"
20th CENTURY-FOX
ON THE WONDER STAGE
IN PERSON!
SID CAESAR
Extra!
EVELYN KNIGHT
ON THE ICE STAGE
Excerpts from Bizet's "Carmen"
starring
CAROL LYNNE
SPECIAL—ARNOLD SHODA
COOL ROXY 7th Ave. & 50th St.

STAGE

Pulitzer Prize 1949 Critics' Award 1949
death of a Salesman

Morosco Theatre West 45th St.

STAGE

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Air-Conditioned. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

"A GAY TIME ON A SUMMER EVENING."—Lewis Funke, Times
The Gigantic Musical Revue
CABALGATA
$1 to $3 plus tax all perfs.
Exciting Songs & Dances of Spain
COMPANY OF 100
GORGEOUS PRODUCTIONS
2 Shows Every Sat. and Sun.
Air-Conditioned BROADWAY THEA., B'way & 53 St.

"A FUNNY AND THOROUGHLY SLICK MUSICAL COMEDY"
—VOGUE

The BERLIN • SHERWOOD • HART Musical
Miss Liberty
EVES. 8:30 • MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30
IMPERIAL THEATRE • W. 45 ST. • AIR COND.

HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with Robert KEITH
William HARRIGAN Murray HAMILTON
ALVIN Thea., W. 52 St. Eves 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Now—ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE present
RALPH BELLAMY in
"DETECTIVE STORY"
By SIDNEY KINGSLEY
with ANNE BURR
HUDSON Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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place the projector above the heads of the audience where its noise will be least audible. If you have a booth, arrange for a 50¢ buzzer and code system to communicate with the projectionist who is almost as important to your show as a good film. Check and clean your prints; if possible, splice them onto larger reels, reducing work at the performance, and lending it greater professional flavor. Test your projector. If you rent one, and have no time to check it, don't run your show. You will still keep more good-will than by exposing your audience to the horrors of an improperly working machine, while damaging prints at the same time.

During the show, keep all doors closed. Ask the projectionist to move around quietly and, if he has brought his family to watch him, to wait to discuss personal matters until after the show. Check and correct your sound constantly (sound level varies greatly on 16mm.); watch for focusing, framing, and dirt in the aperture. Be sure not to flash the leader on the screen.

In general, remember that you are a missionary for a wider use of 16mm. films and that you should try approximating professional theatre standards, with the possible exception of providing popcorn or exhibiting insipid films. For further information, get "The Projectionist's Manual" (Educational Film Library Association, 1600 Broadway, New York) or "Projecting Motion Pictures in the Class Room" (American Council on Education, 744 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.).

Legal matters are often important. Consult a lawyer; ask him to serve on your board if you have no money to pay him. Find out about fire regulations, licenses, censorship regulations.

Whatever you do, be prepared for much work, unexpected and recurrent headaches, no remuneration—except the deep satisfaction that comes from accomplishing a very much needed job: that of bringing socially purposeful and artistically significant films to more and more people.

—Amos Vogel.

Amos Vogel did creative and critical film work in his native Vienna, where the Nazi's skilful manipulation of the screen convinced him of need for greater production and exhibition of films to present facts. He escaped to the U. S. after the German invasion, studied at several American universities, and made an extensive survey of documentary and experimental film field. With wife Marcia he formed "Cinema 16" in 1947.

The Film Forum

FILMS ABOUT FILMS — ***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

FACTS ABOUT FILM

Produced and distributed by the International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2, Illinois. (10 min.)

Everyone who puts on 16mm. shows, or who teaches others to do so, will appreciate this concise and pertinent film on good projection techniques and film care. It begins by explaining the differences between 35mm. and 16mm. film, emphasizing the latter's fragility and non-inflammability. Correct threading of several kinds of 16mm. projectors is demonstrated, as well as some basic rules for preventing film damage and breakdowns in showings. As more than one producer has pointed out, a film is only as good as it looks on the screen. Better see this one!

FILM AND YOU

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and available from its New York office at 1270 Avenue of the Americas. (20 min.)

Every time an audience gets to look at some good 16mm. films, the unanimous reaction is "Why don't we see films like this more often?" This film shows how a community can get the most that the non-theatrical film offers through an organized film council. (See "Film Councils in Action," by Glen Burch, *SRL*, July 9, 1949.)

At the initial meeting of interested community representatives we see the planning and organizing of a film council. Arrangements are made to have a 16mm. projector for the use of all groups in the community, and a small circulating collection of films is started. The film council also trains projectionists, puts on film demonstrations, and sees that information about films is available to interested local groups.

Once a project of this kind is under way, there is a wealth of material on 16mm. film to meet every interest in the community—and we see that film can play an exciting role in helping explain many phases of today's complex living and in providing much needed recreation.

"Film and You" doesn't tell that story as excitingly as the subject warrants, but it gives the best all-around coverage on the non-theatrical field yet available on film.

MARCH OF THE MOVIES

Produced and distributed by the March of Time Forum, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (20 min.)

In its relatively short history, the motion picture industry has accumulated an estimated seventy million patrons each week in this country alone. "March of the Movies" shows some of the many production activities in Hollywood, and also tells of the work of the Museum of Modern Art's Film Library in preserving and circulating a large collection of the world's outstanding films to educational groups in the United States.

Among those outstanding films, we see excerpts from many which are little more than names to the present movie-going generation, and nearly forgotten memories to their elders. Beginning with scenes from "The Great Train Robbery," the film highlights the great movies and stars of the past several decades—"The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; William S. Hart in "The Fugitive"; Theda Bara in "A Fool There Was"; Charlie Chaplin and Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance"; Rudolph Valentino in "The Four Horsemen"; Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood"; Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil." Then excerpts from the "talkies"—Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer," the magnificent "All Quiet on the Western Front," Will Rogers in "David Harum," Paul Muni as Emile Zola.

Europe's recent challenge to Hollywood is exemplified by scenes from the Italian "Shoe Shine," the French "Volpone," and a long black-and-white sequence from the British "Henry V" starring Laurence Olivier.

"March of the Movies" doesn't attempt to do an important critical job of reviewing these fifty years of the film, but it provides a good bit of material for anyone who wants to do so. And it gives further impetus to increased revivals of worthwhile films in theatres and film societies.

BASIC MOTION PICTURE TECHNIQUES

Produced by Celluloid College. Available from Sterling Films, 61 West 56th Street, New York. (39 min., color or black-and-white, 16mm. or 8mm., sound or silent.)

This film demonstrates the do's and don'ts of amateur film-making, covering such topics as indoor lighting, panning, screen direction, use of the tripod, and so on. Much of the film is intentional comedy, thus making its own amateurish limitations less objectionable than they would otherwise be. Home-movie enthusiasts and beginning students of film will find the material interesting and the rules simple enough.

—Cecile Starr.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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NEW-WORLD LITERATURE

(*Continued from page 9*)

wardly resembling European bourgeois or petty bourgeois, are a world removed in their concerns from the figures that people the *roman fleuve* or the *Entwicklungsroman*. There, the social background, notwithstanding an occasional shadow of decay, is stable, or even hierarchic. The continuous change—preferably economic and social rise—that forms the background of the American "bourgeois" novel, and often its theme, eludes the European imagination outside of satire. This may be one of the reasons why "polite" American novels have never had a great Continental public. Sometimes that fact is regretted with naive self-accusation. Two years ago, *Temps Modernes* declared that

> while the American public does not know Montherlant but is familiar with Maurois and Romains . . . [Frenchmen] who so well know "Sartoris" and "Trouble in July," know nothing about the Maurois of the Middle West and the Romains of New York.

Arguing on similarly fallacious grounds, a German writer, somewhat earlier, wondered "why the great upper class of the United States [had] not yet brought forth its Galsworthy, or its Roger Martin du Gard."

One may well ask why Ellen Glasgow's novels went nearly unnoticed on the Continent. Or why Willa Cather only now seems to be coming into her own there. Perhaps Europeans were prejudiced against traditionalist and nostalgic regional writing. Their own regional writers were traditionalists; and to quote from a study by Pierre Brodin on the subject, "European regionalism is ofttimes an excuse for local literati without talent." The twentieth century seemed to have bypassed "peasant literature." Even in such great artists as C. F. Ramuz or Giono, modernism and regionalism seemed to exclude each other most of the time. Moreover, the apartness of tradition-bound rural from modern urban life on the Continent, as the centralized structure of its countries, makes it very difficult for foreigners to gauge conditions so different in the United States in those respects. In short, modern regionalism, as indeed great regional art, was about the last thing European readers expected from "uniform" America.

In expounding the European response to America's literary "school of violence," it is not always remembered how many of its representatives are at the same time regionalists. The overtones of modern social criticism, added to that novel combination, produced a genre that struck Europeans as entirely original.

> American regionalists [M. Brodin says] do not limit themselves to portraiture of [their] province. They depict its modern life . . . and do not hesitate to show its cruder and its shocking details . . .
>
> Certain aspects of that regionalism are mystical and cosmic.

Seen from the vantage of Europe's thirst for information, that prime incentive for reading American books, modern regionalism opened a new scene to them—situated, so to speak, between the adventurous world of the frontier and the bleak big-city atmosphere of industrialization.

So little were Europeans prepared for that vista that it took some time before a writer such as Erskine Caldwell was recognized in his regional significance. Probably no other single author has intrigued Continentals more. To the accusation of anti-moralism raised against him by some of his countrymen, European critics would oppose the idea of amoralism. "His characters," Maurois suggests, "have sunk so low, they have re-arrived at eras antedating the Original Sin." Caldwell's humor was termed Rabelaisian at times, at others his less grim stories reminded readers of Mark Twain—whose "Life on the Mississippi," regarded in this light, appeared as a precursor of the new regional art.

The writers who in the last two decades have fully conveyed its importance to the Old-World public are, —besides Faulkner—Steinbeck and Saroyan.

> Born in the great valley of Salinas [says the Italian critic Luigi Somma about Steinbeck], he received there his first impressions of nature. They were never erased from his mind. [This may explain] his belief in the superiority of the primitive over the complex, of animal nature over the intellectual, of *homo brutus* over *homo sapiens*.

"Caldwell and Steinbeck," as a Swiss student, F. Ansermoz-Dubois, states,

BORZOI

*"Perhaps a new note in the history of poetry itself"**

ROBERT HILLYER'S

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN NEMO

The action of this subtle, richly orchestrated narrative poem takes place during three days in the autumn of 1945. Captain Nemo himself, his submarine yacht, and his oceanic grotto on a volcanic island are familiar from the pages of Jules Verne's *Mysterious Island*, but their roles in the fabric of Mr. Hillyer's poem are wholly new and suggestive. To the scene of Captain Nemo's death come two war-weary American sailors. The nineteenth century and the twentieth century, Europe and America, meet in an encounter that forms the substance of this moving narration.

"This [is] . . . the most interesting contribution Robert Hillyer has yet made to poetry. . . . He has struck off a new note in English poetry, and poets, and followers of poetry, will be attracted and interested."—*VIRGINIA KIRKUS

The major work of the winner of the Pulitzer Prize, 1934, and the 1949 Award of the Lyric Associates.

$2.75 wherever books are sold

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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"have entirely neutralized the picture of America that the movies have for so long forced on Europe."

Of Saroyan it can be said that he introduced another new element into the Europeans' view of American literature. He was not the first writer of immigrant stock to win recognition abroad. (Germans, incidentally, have always loved to point out the Teutonic streak in the ancestry of Dreiser, Wolfe, and Steinbeck.) But he was the first whose racial background threw into relief the phenomenon of Americanization, which does not cease to baffle Europe.

Marguerite Paz, a usually reserved Paris reviewer, asks:

> Where does [Saroyan's] extraordinary freedom come from, those dreams of dark eyes both sparkling and velvety, that haze-covered Biblical horizon, that intuitive wisdom, that uninhibited pastoral chatter, that old-man's drollness? . . .

There is, in such questions, a late echo of the idea that American artists achieve what they do in spite of their country. Lefthanded as it is, this is a tribute to the power of American regionalism.

Gide distinguishes two groups of readers: those who "travel through . . . foreign books in search of an admonitory strangeness," and those others "who fall in love with everything that resembles them." A third group, however, seems to be ready to respond to a work of art, irrespective of such attractions. The splendid reception of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" wherever it was produced in Europe proves that the "uneventful" life of the American middle class and its visions may well engross and move a foreign audience.

Wilder is one of the few American writers for whom the Germans use consistently the term "*Dichter*." André Levinson, a Frenchman, calls him "that rare avis, someone writing in English and who possesses the Latin sense of form," while another French critic, L. Chambrun, talks of his "characteristically American moral energy." He emerges, as the Italian Carlo Linati says,

> as novel and distinct from the crowd of novelists in his country. He is completely in tune with the tradition . . . from Stendhal to Proust . . . yet typically American in his dense prose . . . and the brilliant vivacious movement of his story . . .

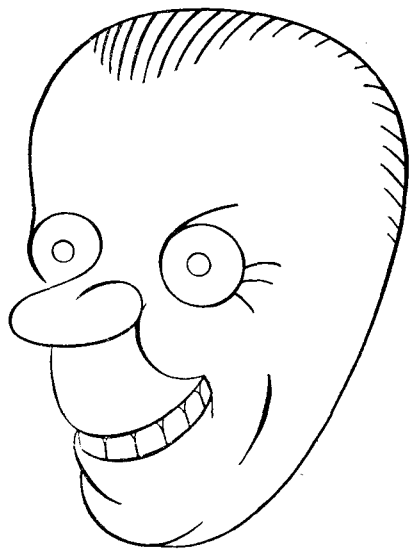
In other words, Europeans have found a universal meaning in Wilder's work.

Whenever they come to feel that way, their enthusiasm is extraordinary. It may differ, in its direction, from the acclaim reaped by the same work, or artist, at home. Walt Whitman's universalism greatly overshadowed to Europe's vision what was purely American in him. And the work of Thomas Wolfe—that "Proust with muscles"—occasionally leads its admirers to words suggesting the European eighteenth-century love of a New World in its literal sense. Here is a significant passage from a Wolfe study by Franz Taucher, a young Austrian writer:

> The discovery of [Thomas Wolfe's] ego was tantamount to the discovery of America to literature. The singleness of purpose with which Wolfe, defying both literary and social conventions, worked on a portrait of America's inner life . . . signaled her liberation from the spiritual and literary tutelage of the Old World . . . Beneath the toughness of American life, its greed and hypocrisy, there appeared its hidden beauty, many a tender feeling, and a great yearning for mutual love.

But when all is said and done, the impact of a country's creative writing on people abroad does not rest merely on such sentiments or theories. It is exerted in broader—and yet subtler—channels. Joseph Conrad once talked of that small group of fictional characters that accompanies us, more faithful and in a way more real than acquaintances of flesh and blood. Two such American figures are alive in the consciousness of every fairly well-read European: Babbitt and the Hemingway hero.

A great deal has been written about Sinclair Lewis in all Continental countries. He was called a crusader and an apostle, an "eternal complainer" and a "disgruntled bourgeois." And it was a rare critic indeed who did not discuss him as a social phenomenon rather than as an artist. But nothing can alter the fact that his Babbitt is as much of an archetype in European thinking as is Don Quixote or Madame



—*Eva Hermann, in "On Parade."*

Sinclair Lewis—on the Continent designated "an 'eternal complainer' and a 'disgruntled bourgeois'."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GOLDEN DART *Selwyn Jepson* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Sinister doings in English estuary lead venturesome girl into murderous entanglement with some extremely cold-blooded people.	Heroine Eve Gill, her cantankerous father, and local policeman keep intricate tale moving at top speed.	Diverting
THE CORPSE SAID NO *Barbara Frost* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Strangling of wealthy woman followed by two other murders keeps young N. Y. lawyeress busy helping—and hindering—police.	Besides three satisfactory baffling slayings story contains diverting data on art-gallery crookedness, fish diseases, and tricky legal points.	Higher brackets
MURDER SPOILS EVERYTHING *Jeremy Lane* (Phoenix: $2)	Psychiatrist Whitney Wheat gives Insp. Hopp answers to double slaying in dance-hall, restaurant mystery.	Plot rather cluttered with incidents that retard unraveling of fairly translucent mystery. Characters are on stuffy side.	Time-passer
SUDDENLY A CORPSE *Harold Q. Masur* (Simon and Schuster: $2)	Dying man on doorstep starts dangerous new chapter in life of N. Y. lawyer, who cracks colorful case for cops.	Carefully wrought tale of double slaying in money-hungry Manhattan circles. Suave, tough, with surprise end.	Good

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Bovary. Originally, like Don Quixote, poignantly national in his features, he has, by growing beyond literature, like Don Quixote, also outgrown his national limitations.

Hemingway's brutal sentimentalist seized the European imagination from the start on a different level. Whatever the purely American grievances that had contributed to his being what he was, they were a matter of indifference to foreign readers. He was cosmopolitan not only because of the largely cosmopolitan scene he moved in. The commingling in him of earthiness and sophistication, of virile activity and sensitive dreaminess, gave credibility to a twentieth-century romanticism that could not but endear itself to a Europe whose own romantic writing, by and large, had lost touch with the times. As time went on, the much-imitated type became a bit stale. But the influence the Hemingway hero had on his generation (and not merely its writers) might well be compared to the "Werther fever" of the 1770's. He was the first character of American fiction European women fell in love with.

Perhaps one should—at a proper distance—recall a third figure in this connection: Scarlett O'Hara. Translations of Miss Mitchell's novel came to the Continent on the eve of Hitler's onslaught; and European readers, beset by tribulations not unlike those of Scarlett, are said to have derived much comfort from the triumph of her will power over adversity.

At any rate, "Gone with the Wind" kindled Europe's interest in the specifically American historical novel and, with it, an interest in American history. The European sense of history is focused on its dominant personalities and their roles in world history; and the Continental historical novel has developed along these lines. The common man and the evolution of a society—the general theme of historical fiction in this country—does not readily fit that European concept. On the whole, the image of the American past culled today by people abroad from fictionalized history may be about as correct, or as oversimplified, as are the pictures of European history which American readers used to winnow from the *biographies romancières* of the 1920's and 1930's. Still, there can be no doubt but that the novels of a Kenneth Roberts or a Ben Ames Williams have helped the understanding of American history a good deal in Europe.

That cheap historical romances—not to speak of "Forever Amber"—have won their niche as well need not be added. Nor—to recall the opposite extremity of popular taste—need special attention be drawn to the great sales of religious fiction, whose venerable forebear, "Ben Hur," was for many decades a standby of European mass reading.

Popular novels, so called, have out-

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 322

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 322 will be found in the next issue.

P IXPHF JEDVKT YI

JXT EDBM TSVT JEEB

JXPJ VHENI ATTDTH

NYJX REDIJPDJ KIT.

—N. YHLYDV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 321

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a knock at the door.—CHARLES LAMB.

MURDER and scandal on a peaceful college campus!

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The Case of the Housekeeper's Hair

by Christopher Bush

$2.50 at all bookstores MACMILLAN

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sold serious books at all times everywhere. Surely Europe makes no exception. The concept of "best sellers," however, which seemed to lump whatever appeared between covers, used to puzzle European critics no end, and would sometimes bias them against the entire literary scene of America. By now they have learned how to discount the exaggerated literary claims accompanying successful second-rate books across the Atlantic. Of late, they also acknowledge their skill, which—probably not least on account of the academic writing courses so much derided on the Continent—has outstripped the technical qualities of the corresponding European production.

AS IT is, the general longevity of books in Europe give to first-rate authors a great advantage over mediocrities or sensational fly-by-nights. It is remarkable how many American books hardly remembered here are steadily widening their European audiences. Also, readers are loyal. New men and methods, even though accepted and admired, do not for that displace old favorites. Upton Sinclair has still an immense following. Pearl Buck, an author read by millions, is still unchallenged in her field.

It is impossible to enumerate here all the important books of the past two decades which, translated into a number of European languages or one of them, were very well received without establishing anything like a similar fame for their authors. It would also require much space to report on the various trends of popularity in the various countries, or on the attitude of the different literary—and political—groups toward American authors less well known to the great public.

Some of these literary groups might be called coteries. Their admiration, irrespective of an artist's popular success on either side of the Atlantic, for what they consider an achievement might often seem artificial and snobbish. But without that absolute respect for artistic achievement and without the intellectual curiosity behind it, European views on American literature would be less discerning than they are, and information about it much poorer.

What knowledge the Continental public has of recent American poetry originated in these small circles. It is, to be sure, not more than knowledge. The revolutionizing effect of Whitman's poems upon a large Continental readership has remained an isolated instance. But it was Whitman the man and philosopher as well as Whitman the poet Europe first gaped at and then loved.

A shadow of that unequaled reaction may be found in the European attitude toward O'Neill. Measured by box-office standards, his success has been modest. Yet what an avalanche of excited response was released by his work!

Before O'Neill the American drama attracted no attention. Aware of their own proud theatrical tradition, Continentals looked with small expectation at the ill-famed commercialism of Broadway. Its defiance by O'Neill perplexed and elated the informed. But soon they realized that this first great American dramatist was also defying tradition itself. It was all very well to stress, as practically every European critic did on at least one occasion, "O'Neill's debt to the stage of antiquity"; on the next occasion that theory held no water.

> A Dumas *fils*, or even an Ibsen [said Henri Baldensperger] made comfortable use, in dealing with varied problems, of the same dramatic principles once he had discovered them. In O'Neill the urge to adapt . . . the stage to [his] desire for sincerity creates different forms which, impracticable or occasionally absurd—but never banal —. . . are bound to limit the chances of the productions of the plays of a man who impenitently begins each time anew . . .

This phenomenon—a "perpetual innovator" of a medium *per se* so good as new in his country—was only one of the motives that may have prompted another Frenchman to talk of O'Neill as "the naked man on virgin soil" (a phrase that again has a wistful eighteenth-century ring). O'Neill stands for more than his plays in Europe.

> In their great wealth of personal experiences [suggests Curt Hohoff, a Catholic German writer], in their vigor, in their search for spiritual values, in the strange variety of their colors and their rugged unevenness, both O'Neill's life and his work constitute a symbol of modern America.

The question as to *what is America*, repeated over and over again in the face of American belles-lettres, has grown more complex. Europe's question today is, "*What is the real America?*"

The ambivalence of the answers, the multitude of theories advanced, and their not infrequent changes in the minds of the best observers only testify to the earnestness and the concern with which America's creative writing is viewed. M. Maurice Coindreau, of Princeton University, the author of several astute and brilliant studies of contemporary American literature and the translator of most of Faulkner's books and of much of the work of Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Caldwell, has recently presented his native country with a translation of William Maxwell's "The Folded Leaf." Maxwell's novels, he remarks in his introduction,

> will come as a surprise to those who, somewhat hastily, formed a two-dimensional, black-and-white image of America—a picture riddled with brutal exclamation, the reports of guns, the sounds of crashing bottles, and the outcries of raped women and lynched Negroes . . .
>
> . . . It will be wiser to look in the work of a William Maxwell for the real face of the country, for its every-day face which reveals the nature and the profundity of its heritage and its hidden personality . . .
>
> One forgets too easily that Emerson and Melville were Americans, as was Thoreau, the solitary walker, Hawthorne—so skilful in veiling blackness—and Henry James with his complex subtleties.

Robert Pick, an Austrian-born novelist, is author of "The Terhoven File" and "Guests of Don Lorenzo," the latter to be published in 1950. Several years ago he held a Guggenheim fellowship.

Summer Shower

By I. L. Salomon

THE slim white birch is a lovely lady.
She leans on the wind in the maple brush
as the brook rebukes the hermit thrush,
curving its song where the world is shady.

From the throat of the bird no music comes;
the unsubdued water roars on stone;
a cloud, heaving shoulders like a roan,
fast flies the thunder's pommelling drums.

Down comes the rain, a vast winding sheet;
whistles the wind, lamenting loud;
as cedar and hemlock bear the shroud
with runlets laying their rooted feet.

And the cloudburst over, the leaves in turn
assume green shades of livelier green,
as through the mist, the sun's gold screen
transfigures grass and feathery fern.

And the birch, renewed, nods in the air;
she sways, and trembles ever so slightly,
wearing the cope of evening lightly
and a coral comb in her wet green hair!

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
NEW LP RECORDINGS—CONCERT HALL SOCIETY		
HINDEMITH: LUDUS TONALIS. Bruce Simonds, piano, Concert Hall *LP*: CHC 14 *(Unlimited)*	Like earlier Concert Hall piano this has good tone, rather muffled, with some sudden overload peaks. The close-to acoustics go well with the music.	An academic title belies the variety and humor in this Bach-patterned series of fugues and interludes, played mostly continuously. Simond's playing is modest, understanding, suited to such intimate "tone study."
VILLA-LOBOS: QUARTET #6 ("Quartetto Brasileiro"). Stuyvesant Quartet. Concert Hall *LP*: CHC 19 *(Unlimited)*	Recorded originally by International Records, one of finest quartet records ever made. A big, live sound, wide range.	Semi-eclectic, well written music, most listenable, formally rather at loose ends, I'd say. Some fetching string effects, good playing.
LISZT: SIX GRAND ETUDES AFTER PAGANINI. Robert Goldsand, piano. Concert Hall *LP*: CHC 10 *(Unlimited)*	Another International job taken over by Concert Hall. Piano is huge, romantic, RCA-Victor style—utterly unlike Hindemith above. Exactly suited to Liszt!	Goldsand is a real long-haired romantic, plays these with enormous passion and heat. Couldn't be much better. (Paganini Caprices, hugely blown up.)
BEETHOVEN: "SPRING" SONATA, OP. 24. Joseph Bernstein, vl.; Ella Goldstein, piano. Concert Hall *LP*: CHC 17 *(Unlimited)*	Very clean recording, somewhat wooden: acoustics fairly dry, highs seem sharply rolled off. Unusually nice balance between instruments—a good sound.	A more straightforward reading than the somewhat precocious Heifetz-Bay version (VDM 1283). The musical sense comes through well.
NEW LP RECORDINGS—VOX-POLYDOR IMPORTS		
MENDELSSOHN: OCTET OP. 20. Pro Musica Chamber Group. Polydor-Vox *LP*: PLP 6510.	A true chamber recording, close-to, rather dead; a legitimate effect here. Highs are weak (can take boosting), quality changes with original 78 rpm sides: distortion near their ends.	At last the whole of this, not merely the famous scherzo. A musicians' performance, workmanlike, becoming dynamic in last mvt. This is the best of Mendelssohn—written at 16.
VIVALDI: GLORIA MASS. Silvana Zanolli, sop., Adalgiza Giordano, mezzo; Choral Academy of Lecco; Orch. of Teatro Nuova, Milano, Pedrollo. Polydor-Vox *LP*: PLP 6610.	Interesting effect: extreme buzzy distortion in highest range—disappears with 8,000-cycle cut-off. Will be quite OK on most home machines. Excellent acoustics, good balance (on hi-fi outfits cut down bass as well as highs, for proper balance).	An unusual item, Vivaldi being almost unknown as a choral composer. A big, showy, Italianate "Bach period" work, not profound, yet clearly by an outstanding musician Brilliant throughout with some fine moments (cf. "Domine Deus"). Choral singing is rather mealy, not unmusical.
PERGOLESI: LA SERVA PADRONA. Maria Erato, sop., Aldo Bacci, bass; Milan Philharmonic, Pedrollo. Polydor-Vox *PL*: PLP 6600	Surprisingly sharp, clean wide range sound, the two voices tonsil-close, diction ultra-clear; small orch. in background. (It sounds under-rehearsed.) Excellent recording.	Main excerpts from the famous *opera buffa*. Gay charming, not too consequential with some good melody. Erato is remarkable coloratura; astonishing accuracy, good drama. Bacci is good, tires near end.
MOZART: PIANO CONCERTO #15 IN B FLAT, K. 450. Andor Foldes; Lamoureux Orch., Eugene Bigot. Vox *LP*: VLP 6580	Good European-style acoustics, balance, piano vs. orchestra. Piano tone good except for some plunky notes. Ends of 78 rpm originals are unpatched—bad momentary breaks. Why?	A luscious Concerto, notably the slow mvt. Orchestra fine, if occasionally uneven. Foldes's Mozart is cool, well-styled. (He made debut with this, 1922—aged 8!)

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EDUCATION NUMBER

SEPTEMBER 10th

● In its annual expanded treatment of problems in the field of education, the editors of *The Saturday Review* will present in the issue of September 10th, a series of articles, reviews and features in keeping with the high standard of past years.

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the Phoenix Nest

RAIN

HUNGRY Hopi child
Huddles in his pueblo
Sobbing silently
About his empty stomach.
His father dances,
Clutching a rattlesnake
Between white teeth,
Humbly imploring
Rain.

A Texas tenant farmer
Watches his wheat
Droop and die
For want of water.
He sifts a dusty handful
Of soil
Through work-worn fingers,
Humbly imploring
Rain.

A doe mule deer,
Fawn by her side,
Nuzzles a water-hole
With crusted nose,
Lifting her head
Stares dull eyed
At cloudless skies,
Humbly imploring
Rain.

—GEORGE A. BARKER, JR.

* * *

Grant C. Knight, of the University of Kentucky College of Arts and Sciences, says that his definition of happiness is—he whispers—to be seventeen again, to be sitting in a lawn swing under a spreading elm, and to be reading for the first time Meredith Nicholson's "The House of a Thousand Candles." That's nothing to be ashamed of! I even used to like the mystery stories of Louis Joseph Vance, such as "The Black Box," "The Brass Bowl," etc. He began most of his titles with B's! Even now if I get a good mystery serial in the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Collier's*, I have lots of fun. I'm reading one now that has me on those well-known (but seldom defined) tenterhooks. And how about Earl Derr Biggers (unbelievable name!) and "Seven Keys to Baldpate"

and Charlie Chan; and how about Mary Roberts Rinehart and "The Circular Staircase"; and how about—Halt!

* * *

TOYONS

Over the summer-parched brown land
Burgeoning toyon bushes stand,
Bedizening the sober hills
With scarlet gems and sequined frills—
As if Aunt Martha, homespun soul,
Should herd her geese to the water-hole
And plod through barnyard chores, arrayed
In a Spanish duchess' best brocade!

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

* * *

The assistant editor of *The Illustrated Weekly of India* made a reference in his column to my liking for a poem in "Oxford Poetry" (1917-1919) written by one Chaman Lall. The editor's name looks like Shaun Mandy in his handwriting. I hope it is, because it was nice of him to refer to my mention of Lall, though I did think the name to be an Indian one, as he does not suspect. He remarked, "Can the author possibly be Diwan Chaman Lall, India's present Ambassador to Turkey?" Soon he received from 6 Queensway, New Delhi (last June) the following letter:

> I was most pleasantly surprised indeed to read in the *Illustrated Weekly* (June 19, 1949, edition) on page 15 about a poem that my father,Dewan Chaman Lall, wrote when he was at Oxford. The afterthought by C. R. M. was correct. My father wrote this poem during his Oxford days, and this style of poetry has always fascinated me, especially when one hears him recite it in his soft, rich voice. Whenever I have subsequently read this poem in the little book of "Oxford Poetry" (1917-1919) I can distinctly seem to hear the sound of his voice. A number of years have passed since this poem was written and several poems, all unpublished, have been written by my father since; it is my hope and the hope of a number of poetry lovers that one day a small book of his poems will be published.
>
> —DEWAN NAVEEN PRAKASH,
> Squadron Leader,
> Royal Indian Air Force.

If the other poems are up to the one in "Oxford Poetry" they are worth seeing!

* * *

HIGH WATERMARK

No personage whom you and I think naught of—
No creature lone and lorn as Sairey Gamp—
Is too unknown, obscure, or lightly thought of
To rate a new commemorative stamp.

No dim event forgotten by the nation
At least a hundred years, and maybe two,
Can fail to qualify for celebration
On squares of paper fortified with glue.

And no philatelist or stamp-collector
Is too fed-up, impoverished, or wise
To rush the local office in his sector
And seize, in grateful hands, the latest prize.

It matters not, how monstrous the design—
How drab and undistinguished is the color—
Whether it marks the Days of '49
Or honors the Invention of the Cruller—

We all must keep our hoard of pennies handy,
Our spirits high, and our saliva damp,
To taste the joy, intoxicant as brandy,
Of buying the commemorative stamp.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY.

* * *

The *New Mexico Quarterly Review*, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M., recently offered in its Spring Issue a well-deserved tribute to the poet Alice Corbin Henderson (co-founder with Harriet Monroe of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*). The issue was edited by Witter Bynner and Oliver La Farge, with contributions from George Dillon, John Gould

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 803)

NASH:
WHO DID WHICH,
OR WHO INDEED?

Oft in the stilly night,
When the mind is fumbling fuzzily,
I brood about how little I know,
And know that little so muzzily.
. . . . . .
Velasquez, Pulaski, Laski,
They are locked together in one gray cell,
And I seem to have lost the passkey.

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Fletcher, Carl Sandburg, Padraic Colum, Haniel Long, etc. The Summer Issue is edited by John Sloan, the artist, with critique by Walter Pach. The magazine costs two dollars a year.

* * *

I thank Violette Sealock for lately keeping me informed of the "Red Probe" of the University of Chicago and of the Chicago schools. The commission out there seems to have made itself ridiculous even to the twelve-year-old mind, and thank God the University has a president like Robert Maynard Hutchins, whose printed remarks on the subject leave nothing to be desired!

* * *

NOTE TO MY FRIENDS

Some people cannot pay a visit
Without remarking, "How ex*QUIS*ite!"
Though *EX*quisite's a nicer word,
I find it's very seldom heard.

—Eleanor Graham Vance.

* * *

James Dalton Morrison, of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, has kindly presented me with a copy of his "Masterpieces of Religious Verse" (Harper's). It is quite a compilation. Both Ogden Nash and Edgar Guest are in it. Ogden has said one thing (among about a million, but the one is here in the "Masterpieces") that I find so true:

Sometimes with secret pride I sigh
To think how tolerant am I;
Then wonder which is really mine:
Tolerance, or a rubber spine?

So you will see that this large well-printed book is a rather unexpected sort of collection (900 poets!).

* * *

LATITUDINARIAN SCHOLION ON THE EXPROBATION OF AN ECCLESIASTICAL PRINCE.

I was never a Heaven-or-Hell man.
Everyone's a bigot but Cardinal Spellman.

But if he'd add up how the ayes and noes felt,
Me and all my friends is for Mrs. Roosevelt.

—William Rose Benèt.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Reed. 2. Arthur. 3. Sayers 4. Housman. 5. Merton. 6. Kipling. 7. Wordsworth. 8. Milne. 9. Conrad. 10. Saroyan. 11. Bennett. 12. Teasdale. 13. Doyle. 14. Rossetti. 15. Chekhov. 16. Jackman. 17. Page. 18. Burns. 19. Gould. 20. Christie.

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EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 1st, new schedule of rates for Personals and Classified advertising will go into effect for The Saturday Review as follows:

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All orders received prior to this date will be honored at the old rate.

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REGISTER YOUR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK WANTS with me for efficient, inexpensive service. NATHAN SIMONS, 3440 Gates Place, NYC 67.

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BACK NUMBERS MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., NYC.

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SPECIALIZED SERVICE catering to collectors of vocal records. Lists according to singers. Write or visit RECORD COLLECTOR'S SERVICE, 502 East 88 St., NYC 28. REgent 7-7611.

RECORD LOVERS—save on all records. Write for details. Box 888-H.

ARE YOU A DEVOTEE OF THE THEATRE? Recall the great moments, faces, play-scenes of the past through the pages of Theatre Magazine and Stage Magazine. 1900 to date. Single issues, $2; 5 issues all different, $9; 10 issues, all different, $17. Send for free list of theatrical books. Box 140-D.

(Continued on page 42)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 41)

WRITE FOR FREE bargain lists, albums and singles connoisseur lists, unusual LP records, collectors' records. Classical only. Write, or visit store daily till midnight. THE RECORD HUNTER, 1194 Lexington Ave., (81 St.) NYC 28.

BACH-VIOLIN CONCERTO E MINOR (Giocanda De Vito) New—$7.86 ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., NYC 17. CATALOGUE Imported, Domestic Recordings, 10¢ postpaid.

PERSONALS

JOURNALISM HONOR GRADUATE seeks writing assignments. Promotional copy, ads, columns. Box 1079-H.

SINCERE WOMAN, not so young, wishes to correspond with a handicapped gentleman. Box 1078-H.

FOUR DELICIOUS, different yeast breads. Tested for taste appeal. Send dollar for recipe. Box 1077-H.

YOUNG WRITER, theistic, affable, wants female views on simple life. Box 1076-H.

FOR SALE: SEBEC, MAINE. Old farmhouse, sound condition (sheds, barn connecting); modernized; 20 acres on Sebec Lake, adjoining village. Boat, excellent fishing, hunting. Furnished; 6 bedrooms, 2 baths. New automatic water heater, range, electric refrigerator. Running water. Ideal summer home or yearly use. 40 miles NW Bangor. $7,000. Box 1075-H.

WOULD ANY EDUCATED, ELDERLY GENTLEMAN like to correspond with widely traveled lady of best education, diverse interests? Only earnest replies requested. Box 1073-H.

COUNTRY RENTAL. Elderly couple will share their pleasant country home with congenial couple. Box 1072-H.

LADY, cultured, refined, well traveled, lover of the arts and gracious living, desires correspondence with mature male. Box 1071-H.

REGISTERED NURSE, retired teacher, wants position, school or family, for useful employment of exceptional educational, professional, cultural experience. Box 1070-H.

IN LOVE WITH SAN FRANCISCO, graduate of Eastern college and southern Law School, age 35, single, 5 years' service in the Army, wishes to live there but needs work. Any job of a permanent nature considered. Box 1069-H.

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE, well bred, well educated, healthy, attractive, want connection high-class resort, preferably southwest. Management, hostess. Business and social qualifications exceptional. Interview desired. Box 1068-H.

YOUNG MAN, writer, editor, would like to hear from vital, intelligent young woman, interested in books, theatre, the creative life. Box 1067-H.

SECRETARY, attractive young woman, experienced business, diplomatic, social, desires unusual position. Box 1066-H.

JUNE GRADUATE? English major, seeks challenging position with lucrative recompense. Interests mostly literary. Prefer midwest location. Box 1065-H.

VERSATILE, energetic, young married woman, (B.S. Math) seeks part-time work in NYC. Ingenuity and hard work offered in exchange for interesting position. Remuneration secondary. Box 1063-H.

ADMITTEDLY AVERAGE WOMAN, interested in hearing from mature gentleman, same description. Box 1062-H.

360 BOOKS, various titles and prices, skates, rackets, dumbells, scales, radio, locker, will sell, perhaps trade or swap, seeking cabin and bare essentials for living. Box 1061-H.

DRIVING TO CALIFORNIA IN SEPTEMBER? Your NYC radio announcer will drive in exchange for transportation. Interests: Bach, Micheline Presle, Dodgers, other like subjects. Box 1060-H.

YOUNG VETERAN, bored with idleness, desires stimulating and unusual position. Box 1059-H.

YOUNG CANADIAN UNIVERSITY GRADUATE, majoring English, male, veteran, secretarial experience, wishes association gentleman traveling to France; object perfect French. Box 1058-H.

"IT SEEMS TO ME that with the insight, understanding, love and compassion you show in your poetry, you have all essential to producing writing which will join the line of really great creative works." wrote a leading NYC literary agent after reading OF DUST AND STARS. Collected poems, mimeographed, $2. Vernon Ward, Ransomville, N. C.

Watch the reviews now. After a long time THE EGYPTIAN is almost here.

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PERSONALS

EXPLORE EXOTIC TEA FLAVORS in the special Caravel 'Taste Test" Assortment. 16 choice varieties—Blacks, Greens, Oolongs; from India, Ceylon, China, Japan. Attractive package with unique gift appeal. $2.50, postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, NYC.

WHEN YOU COME to San Francisco, "the city that knows how," be sure to visit our shop. Meanwhile, send for our free catalogue. Correspondence invited (and answered). H. H. Evans, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands $1.51 per carton postpaid. West of Mississippi add 7¢ per carton. Minimum order 3 cartons. Send check or money order. KING COMPANY, Box 1713-C, Baltimore, Md.

THE BOOK EXCHANGE. Those good books you have which you will never re-read. Would you like to exchange them for some you haven't read? Write Box 310, New Baltimore, Mich.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe, Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44 St.) NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

CAT-LOVERS! Send $2.75 for superb National Geographic containing colored photographs all breeds. Free cat-book list on request. Box 134-D.

ARE YOU TOO SOPHISTICATED to recognize a real bargain? Remember the wiseacres who wouldn't pay 50¢ for a five-dollar bill sight unseen? We offer nothing like that, BUT if you want to save from 25% to 85% on NEW BOOKS better write for details without delay. Alan Gardner, BOOK READERS' CIRCLE, 80 East 11 St., NYC 3.

MEDICAL STUDENT seeks loan from party interested in investing in a future. Excellent references. Terms of your choice. Box 1046-H.

SEEKING FELLOW OR PEASANT, not too stuffy, not too gay, to share apartment of distinction in Chicago. Box 1042-H.

FLOWERING YUCCA done in oils in America's rangeland; blouses, kerchiefs, mats. Particulars, 25¢, refundable first order. Box 899-H.

WEAN YOUR JUNIORS from those terrible comics on bound volumes of the glorious St. Nicholas Magazine. Replete with variety of subjects, illustrations of juvenile appeal; all interests. Bound volumes, 1870-1919, 6 issues to a volume, $6.75. Sample issue, $1.50. Box 136-D.

IS THERE TRAVEL OR BUSINESS AGENCY interested in services of cultured, mature woman who knows postwar Europe like a book? Speaks French and German. Box 959-H.

HIGH SCHOOL MARM will swap brainwaves with male correspondent. Interested in anything relating to the Human Comedy. Box 919-H.

"WHAT MADE YOU LAUGH YESTERYEAR?" 10 different issues of The New Yorker, Puck, Punch, Judge, Life from 1890 to 1935. Special group price $10. Box 136-D.

MODEST, MODERN HOME near good public library in interesting community (anywhere) wanted by retired man and wife. Box 806-H.

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DR. KILTON STEWART lectures on various phases of magico-religious ceremonies in primitive societies. Wednesdays, 8:30, Sundays, 4:00. 31 Park Ave. NYC LExington 2-8042.

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PERSONALS

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ARTISTS for orginal book-plate drawings. $10 each approved rough. MUrray Hill 8-1240, N. Y. C. or Box 1081-H.

ATTRACTIVE, versatile, fancy-free gal, early 40's wants interesting job. Will travel. Box 1082-H.

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ASSISTANT ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, currently employed, desires position NYC. Seven years' experience (four in book publishing) layout, copy, artwork. Box 1083-H.

OLD FASHIONED, isolated femme would correspond with gentleman of integrity similarly plighted. Box 1084-H.

IN NEW HAVEN there must be haven (such as small apartment) for childless Yale Divinity student couple moving from Oberlin. Box 1085-H.

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RELIABLE MALE GRADUATE STUDENT will exchange odd jobs, child-care for room and board in Manhattan, beginning September. Box 1086-H.

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LOVELY LADY who loves ideas invites correspondence with genuine gentleman. Box 1088-H.

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AT EDGARTOWN, MASS.—Island of Martha's Vineyard. Modern two twin-bedroom apartment for rent. Modern electric kitchen, maid service, all utilities furnished. July, Aug. $150 weekly, Sept. $100 weekly. HARBORSIDE INN, Phone Edgartown 516, Folder R.

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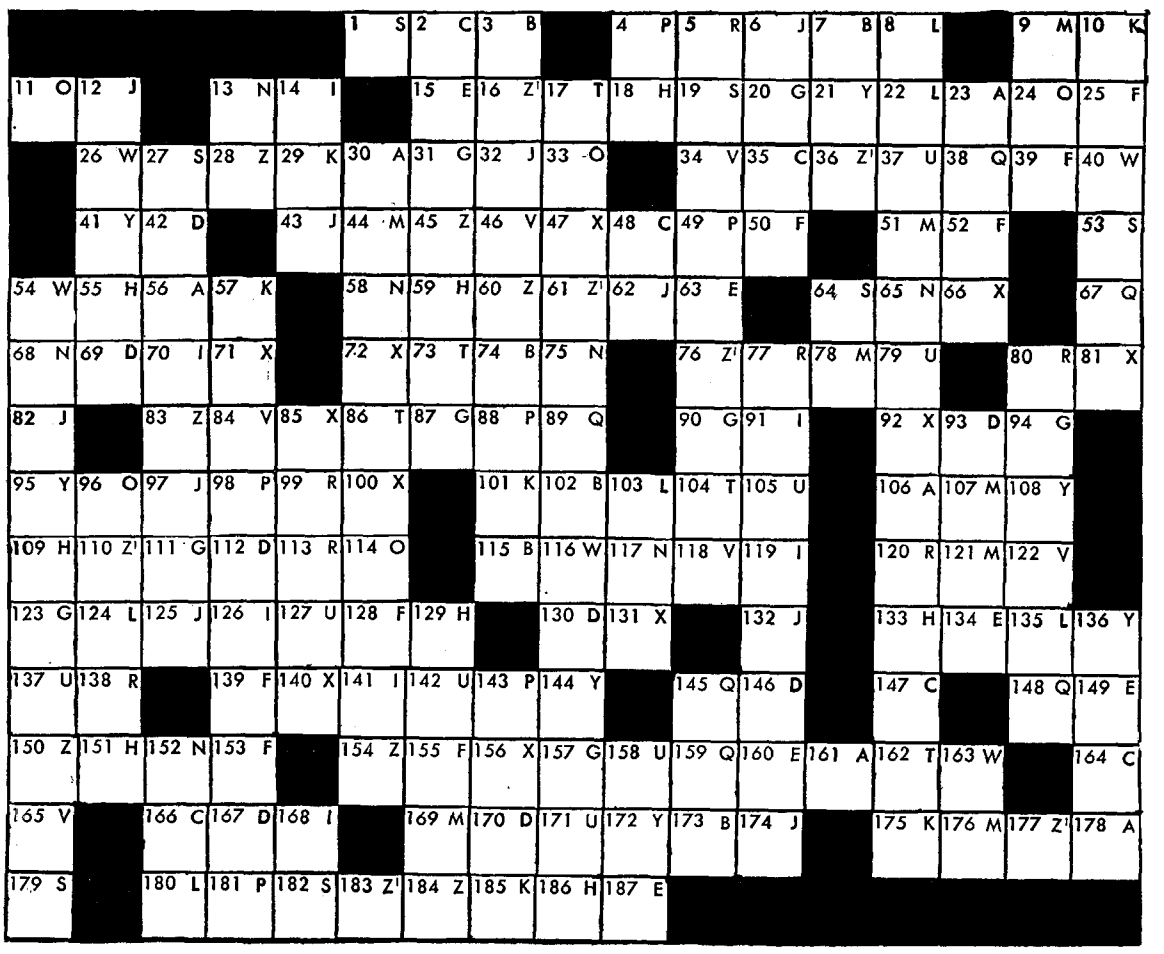
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 804

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To cut superficially; to wound.	30 56 23 161 178 106
B. Son of the founder of the *Springfield Republican*, who made the paper noted (1826-78).	115 173 74 102 3 7
C. Bright star in Ursa Major.	147 48 35 164 166 2
D. The third of a series of wells dug by Isaac (Bib.).	69 112 167 146 130 170 42 93
E. Feminine character in "Ivanhoe."	149 134 15 187 63 160
F. Venus, as morning star.	155 128 52 25 139 153 50 39
G. Pulitzer Prize-winning play in 1923, by Owen Davis.	31 157 94 123 90 87 20 111
H. Extreme disgust.	18 59 55 129 133 109 151 186
I. Belgian painter (1823-1901; murals for churches, etc., in Antwerp).	141 126 14 91 168 119 70
J. Name of the estate of the hero of "The Bride of Lammermoor."	6 132 32 82 174 12 43 125 62 97
K. Moves by small degrees.	29 185 101 57 10 175
L. To signify.	135 103 8 22 180 124
M. A woman turned into a lioness by Cybele, to draw Cybele's chariot with the lion Hippomenes (Gr. myth.).	121 51 107 169 78 9 176 44
N. A barbed hair or bristle (bot. and zool.).	117 58 13 152 65 68 75
O. First name, English poet who wrote of the East (1832-1904).	33 114 11 96 24
P. Designating a woolen fabric woven of dyed threads, usually black and white.	49 181 4 143 88 98
Q. The swastika.	148 89 159 67 38 145
R. A petty Whig (in contempt).	120 77 5 138 99 113 80
S. River in Selkirk County, Scotland (flows into the Tweed).	27 1 64 53 19 182 179
T. Vestment, worn round the neck and falling from the shoulders (eccl.).	104 86 162 17 73
U. *Metallic element with the highest melting point.*	79 158 137 127 105 37 142 171
V. Father of Marpessa (Gr. myth.).	84 34 46 165 118 122
W. In tone like a clarinet or similar instrument.	163 54 116 26 40
X. Novel by Victor Hugo, 1874 (English title).	72 140 85 66 71 131 92 81 47 156 100
Y. Wild; furious.	95 41 108 172 136 144 21
Z. Emphasizes.	184 83 28 150 60 45 154
Z¹. Serrate.	110 177 76 36 183 16 61



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

AUGUST 20, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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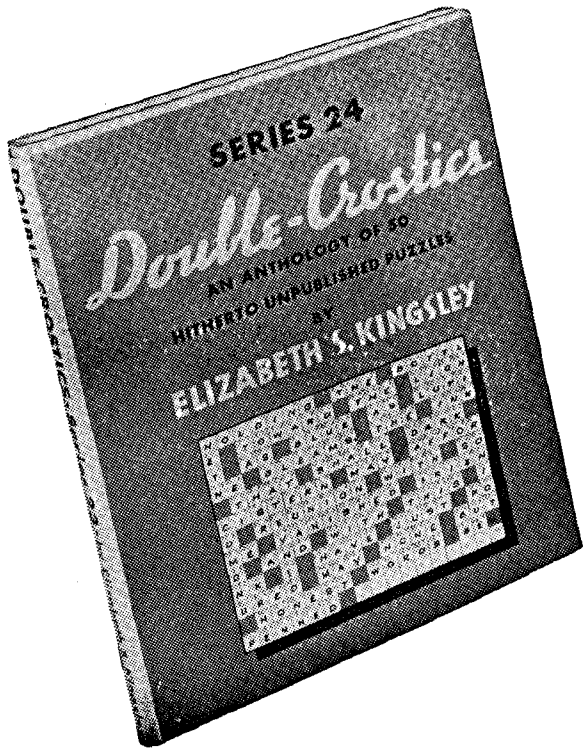

Before you shut your weekend bag make sure you've packed a copy of DOUBLE-CROSTICS Series 24 It's just published!

THE 24th book of Mrs. Kingsley's wonderful literary puzzles has just been published. It contains 50 brand new Double-Crostics. Which means at least 75 to 100 hours of fun for people with minds.

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